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That media manipulation magazine from CTR 101.9 fm

March 1993 Free





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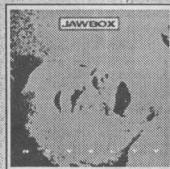
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-SPIN



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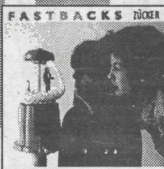


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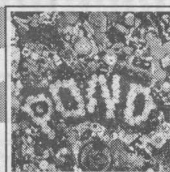
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"SOUNDS LIKE TOP-SHELF TEEN SP...T,
BOTTLED IN THREE MINUTE PARTY-PUNK
TUNES IN THE GREAT LATE SEVENTIES
TRADITION OF BLONDIE AND THE
BUZZCOCKS." -ROLLING STONE



POND
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CD/LP/CASS

"AN INTOXICATION, HYPNOTICALLY
SWIRLING MIX OF SWING DRUMS AND
ACCIDENTALLY FEROCIOUS GUITAR."
-MELODY MAKER



TREEPEOPLE
JUST KIDDING
CD/LP/CASS

"THEY'RE EVERYTHING DINOSAUR JR. WISH THEY COULD BE."
-D. HOUSE

"TREEPEOPLE ARE ONE HELL OF A BAND"
-ROCKET

THE GITS
FRENCHING THE BULLY
CD/LP/CASS



"PUNK ROCK THIS PASSIONATE CANNOT BE IGNORED"
-THE ROCKET.



DIRT FISHERMEN
VENA CAVA
CD/CASS

"IMAGINE DEBBIE GIBSON POSSESSED BY KISS"

"IF YOU'RE FOND OF WELL-CRAFTED TUNES WITH AN EDGE
(WALKABOUTS, FASTBACKS, FOR EXAMPLE) VENA CAVA IS
JUST THE THING."
-ROCKPOOL

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DISORDER

MARCH 1993 · ISSUE #122

"I just got back from Montreal and Mitsou would not be playing a club like Celebrities there...she's huge! She's like Quebec's Madonna. Naw, well, more like Quebec's Captain Sensible."

— Grant McDonagh

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COVER

Not unlike Negativland, we don't have any money either. So, in a subtle self-parody we've used the format of their *The Letter U* and *The Numerals 2* magazine as a means of asking you to...send us your money!

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Deadline for ads and submissions are a lot earlier than normal for Dec. and Jan...call us and find out for yourself @ (604) 922-3017.

"There's some real digbats around here." - Kai Korinth

CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurotic bites from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 28 pages of punk rock readability put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snots who think they know everything and anything about everything you don't...and have the right to tell you about it. We'll also sell you the meaning of "alternative" which we have hermetically sealed in an empty Skippy® Peanutbutter Jar...for a tidy sum and your fractions.

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DOYSHED
THE TIME HAS TO COME TO PUT IT ALL IN PERSPECTIVE TO GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE. WOMEN HAVE PLAYED AN INTEGRAL PART IN MY LIFE AND I'D LIKE TO THANK THEM ALL NOW FOR MAKING ME WHAT I AM TODAY. FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE, IT IS YOUR FAULT I STARTED FIRST OFF. TO MY MOTHER WHO WAS ALWAYS THERE TO SAY I WAS THE BEST PLAYER ON THE ICE EVEN WHEN I SUCKED THE PROVERBIAL BONE, AND WHO LOVED ME EVEN WHEN I TOLLIED HER CAR IN GRADE ELEVEN. TO MY GRANDMOTHER, WHO THINKS I'M TRYING TO SELL DRUGS TO MY COUSINS AND IS SURE I'M GOING TO END UP IN JAIL WITH A BOYFRIEND NAMED LARRY. TO CONNIE KUHN, WHO LET ME KNOW THAT IT WAS ALRIGHT TO LIVE ON THE WEST SIDE OF VAN AND HAVE APENIS, TOMARIELLEN AND JULIANA AT THE RAILWAY FOR THE BEST BLANDER MAGIC. THE SISTERS MARR FOR THE SWIFT KICKS IN THE BUTT WHEN I NEEDED THEM AND THE CAMELS WHEN I REALLY DIDN'T NEED THEM. TO KIRSTEN, WHO FOR SOME REASON I MET KNOW THAT SHE DIDN'T HATE ME YET STILL AVOIDS ME LIKE A BAD RASH. TO GEMMA AND PETER WHO WERE LATE NIGHT MILKSHAKES. DOLL AND PENNY'S AND THE CONSTANT ABUSE AND REQUESTS FOR RIDES HOME FROM THE ELEPHANT. TO MY SISTER FOR BEING AS CHEMICAL DEPENDANT AS I AM. WAS BUT GOT OVER IT (I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU). TO THE WOMEN AT THE BLOCK WHO HELPED ME EMPTY MY BANK ACCOUNT OVER THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. THANKS, THE BILLS ARE STILL COMING IN. TO ROWENA AND ROBYN FOR THE HOCKEY TALK AND THE PEPPERMINT RANG. TO THE BEAN FOR BEING THERE AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME. TO LEORA FOR LETTING ME CURL UP ON HER COUCH AND COMPLAIN, AND RAID HER PRIDE WHEN THE DEPRESSION REALLY HIT ME. TO SACHA AT TOPGANG FOR BEING ABUSIVE. KELLY AT SWAMP HOUSE FOR THE CHARLIE-OF-FAVORITELY. TO FRESH-AIR POKE, TO LOUISA FOR JUST LOOKING GOOD IN A T-SHIRT WITH AN UGLY MAN PRINTED ON THE FRONT OF IT, AND TO JOANNE FOR PUTTING UP WITH ME FOR SEVEN YEARS, YOU ARE A BRAVE SOUL, THANKS, AND, FINALLY, TO ANITA, DOC, BEV, KATHY, ALAN, KATHY, DANIELLE, JULIA, JESSICA, AND BRENDA, YOU'VE ALL HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH MESSING UP MY LIFE SO BE PROUD OF IT. IF THIS ALL SEEMS A LITTLE LIKE AN IN-JOKE GONE TOO FAR, WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU JUST GOTTA GOME CLEAN.
GTH

YAWN!

Dear Airhead,
I'm writing in regard to Mr. Sean O'Leary's letter in the Jan '93 issue. First off, I agree that Sparkmarker are a great band, but in my humble opinion, I don't feel they are "perhaps the only great band" in Vancouver. I guess Mr. O'Leary doesn't attend my gigs outside the downtown core, because if he had, he would have noticed some other great bands such as B.N.U., Grave Mistake, Seamen, Sludge, Thrashbcrew, Cat's Claw, Face X Off, Ten Feet Tall, Rusty Nails, Strain (whom Kim also plays for!) etc....or maybe Sean doesn't support these beforementioned bands because most of them aren't from Vancouver, and probably aren't much into the enviro/political thing as Sparkmarker are. I don't know, I listen to music for good music's sake, and I'm open to a lot of different kinds of: hardcore, punk, grind/death metal, thrash, grunge and even rap, so as you can probably guess, I hear a lot of different lyrical content in the music, and though some might be un-p.c., sexist and downright degrading (ie. GG Allin, Dwarves, Ice-T, Mentors etc.), I take them for what I consider them to be entertainment. For me music is either one of two things: 1) great or 2) Shitty! So be it, "nuf said. Mr. O'Leary also went on to slag the "Nappy Dugout" for it's name which of course means "a vaginal." So what, at the shows I've attended there, I haven't heard a hell of a lot of females complaining about the sexist, hidden meaning of the name. Maybe someone, including females would care if one weekend and they are huge assets to our hurting little scene. As for Shakey's head not being in the right place, the way I see, he's done and is doing a hell of a lot more for the scene than Sean O'Leary is doing by bitching

about a stupid name. So put up or shut up! Get out and support the local bands and the local scene! See Ya', Peace, Love and Gratitude
Lily Mike Hunt
Satanville, A.D.

Dear Mike Hunt,
Why don't you guys just exchange phone numbers, already, and quit squabbling in these pages which we hold so sacred for more meaningful topics.
Al K. Holc

SOAPBOX

Dear Airhead,
I am taking a political science class right now that is excessively dull. It is so dull that instead of listening to anything that is said, I draw endless series of bunnies. I draw fat bunnies and old bunnies and bunnies that have been genetically altered by the U.S. Army so that they can deliver important and secret messages. This type of abominably obsessive compulsiveness is antisocial, and irrelevant to anyone except for myself.

The discorder writes articles like I draw bunnies. Most of your publication is elitist and impermeable to anyone outside your charmed little circle. Do we really need review of shows at the rock-candy in Seattle, gish and obscure references to Chappell Hill N.C. and interviews that consist of unpopular band name dropping? I do believe that discorder and CTR should promote new music but only in a way that does not make you look like mothhead (temporarily) downwardly mobile collage kids who stroke their vicious little goss in a furious quest to make others look like sheep.

Why don't you run a contest for who can take a photograph of the rudest looking vegetable? Or have a suggestions column for What you can do with your empty packages of comfaxes (you could ask all the bands you interview this and see what they say!). Maybe have something on cool and cheap bars to go to (a Guys

Guide to the Flipsides type thingy). Diversify. On the other hand maybe you are interested in printing some bunny pictures.

Yours Forever and ever,
Andrew Killebrew
Vancouver, BC

Dear Andrew,
I'm sorry to say but we at Discorder don't do this magazine month-in and month-out solely for you. So (ta-da...lightbulb) maybe the reason why Discorder seems "elitist" and "impermeable" to you is because you don't have the slightest fuck as to what's going on within music circles today. Sorry, man, but even you aren't as cool as you would like to think you are.

I would like to submit your quote in regards to interview consisting of "unpopular band name dropping" as Exhibit A. From this alone I'm led to believe that you don't have a clue as to what Discorder's standpoint consists of. "Unpopular bands," in terms of commercial success, are all that this magazine deal with—even Mitos (a, heaven forbid, French Canadian artist!) and Mudhoney (who will probably be dropped from Repulse in the next year because of failure to meet major-label amounts of their new album) are unpopular out of their respective levels. So, for Discorder to run articles on bands that are unpopular to you, or ourselves, is probably a pretty common occurrence.

Secondly, as the editor, I feel that it is important (not that I have to justify it to you, or anybody else) to review shows from Seattle and make references to Chapel Hill, N.C. By not doing so, Discorder is being hypocritical for one audience, the local readers, therefore making us elitist and impermeable to the readers outside of Vancouver. On more than one occasion bands have played in Seattle and neglected to cross the border to play our fair city, so this, in itself, is more than enough reason to review those shows. As far as your imperialist stupid suggestions go (photo



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AIRHEAD

contest...guide to cheap and cool bars). I've never condoned the patronizing of a bar for the sheer lack of anything to do, nor have I ever known a bar to be "cool" or "cheap." People die nightly because of drinking drivers, drinking walkers and, simply, drinking. Personally, I couldn't think of anything more sheepish. Maybe it's time for a sheering, Andrew?

CALL TO ARMS

Hey, Discorder Readers.
A couple of months ago, two strange things happened. First, my sister Scott got employed out B.C. way. Then, I got hired as Programme Director at CHRW, a 3,000 Watt station in London, Ont. These events seem to have had little correlation, until I looked back and realized that 3 of my favourite releases of 1992 were Cub, Coal, and The Sweaters. (None of which seem to be available on this side of the mountains. Dammit!!) This led me to ask the rhetorical question that "If stuff this cool is coming out of B.C., what else is being produced out there that we don't get to

hear?" An early morning chat (Very Early: I had forgotten the time difference) with Narduard led to his suggestion that I render the question un-rhetorical by asking it the very pages of Discorder magazine.

So: Whaddaya got? I'm speaking specifically to bands/artists out there who produce indie CD's/Cassettes/7-inches that they think are pretty damned good. We probably will, too. We broadcast at 3,000 watts, and we report to CMJ and National Chart. If you call us, we'd be glad to tell you how you're doing if your play is at sub-chart levels. In short, we're interested in what you sound like.

Our address is:
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Thanks, and I hope to hear from you.

James Rocchi
Programme Director



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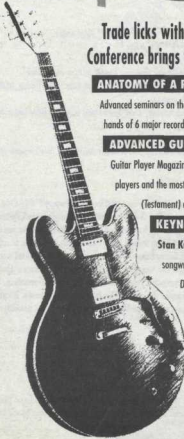
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DESERT WOMAN

BY KAREN REMPEL

The needle is climbing into the red zone, I glare at it and jam the gas pedal to the floor. Fucking piece of shit. I want to make it to Las Vegas tonight, get the divorce started. Why didn't the jerk fix the goddamn radiator?

My thoughts fly back to the garage. Another Saturday, Jimmy jamming with his nowhere band, more interested in getting stoned than playing music. I am excruciatingly bored with the whole thing, and pissed off because he's still doing drugs. Why didn't I say something right when he started? It's too late now. All I want is for things to be like when we met. Wildly in love, great sex, and no drugs. I blame everything that has gone wrong since then on the drugs. I'm sick of it.

"Let's go home now," I suggest.

"Go home? We haven't even started yet. Besides, I just opened a beer." I know what will happen next. He'll finish the beer and open another, and on it will go until the party ends and everyone else goes home. Only then will he be ready to go.

Well fuck that shit.

"I want to go. Right now."

"Well go then. Take the car."

I swallow my pride. "I want you to come with me."

"I'm not leaving."

The long-busted rage swells in my throat. I've made a point of keeping calm for the past four years, never letting him know that anything bothers me, wanting everything to be good between us. When I finally notice that the gap is widening, it's too late; I don't know how to go back to the turning point and make it come out different. Each time I try, and fail, my depression grows. Until now. Somehow it has changed, transmuted into overwhelming anger. I can't keep it in any more. I'm going to explode.

I spin away from him and slam out the door. The bang gives me no satisfaction. "Fucking Asshole!" I scream at the top of my lungs. Now my throat hurts; inflammation is just beginning. I jump in the Rabbit, digging in my purse for his car keys. His house keys are on the chain too. Well let him worry about it. I start the car, trembling with fury. I don't know what to do. I need to do something. I've got it! I'll divorce the bastard.

Momentarily relieved at finding an answer, I rush off, Vegas bound. I only stop once, to get gas, a road map, smokes, and a six-pack of Coke. I want to maintain my momentum, hoping the relief will last. But an hour of fighting traffic to reach the outskirts of L.A. rekindles my anger.

At least here on the number fifteen I can find the gas, there are no other cars around to get in my way. I look at the needle again. It's halfway up in the red now. My throat raw, I swallow the scream. The asshole was too lazy to even fix the goddamn car. Memories flood my mind...

"When are you going to take the car in?"

"I'll do it after work tomorrow."

The next day, "Did you take the car in?"

"Nah. Intertwined by the garage for a few beer after work." Translation: he was out of pot and had to go find some, then hang out with his friends to smoke it.

"Will you do the dishes tonight?"

"Sure, as soon as the game's over." Then the phone rings. "Gotta stop by the garage, I'll do them when I get back." Of course he never does.

"Let's go to a movie tonight."

"Can't, babe, I have to rehearse."

The tapes in my head spin faster...Will you? I want to. Let's. I can't. Come back. I have to. Don't you. Yes, but. Won't you. Why. Why. Why.

I reach for a cigarette, but the pack is empty. Croying into the glove compartment, I glance at the red. Not far to go now. My hand finds the new pack. Pulling it out, my ring snags on a baggie. What's this? Poyote buttons. What the hell is funny doing with poyote? He's even worn them! I thought. Now I really need a cigarette. Inhaling deeply, I wait for the smoke to dull the ache in my chest. Instead, it intensifies, as the words in my head get louder.

If he can do it, then I can too. Why should I be the only one to sacrifice and worry and plan and take care of things? How come I never get to have any fun? I glance at the baggie on the seat beside me. I quickly grab a handful, guiltily. They feel just like mushrooms that have been sitting in the bottom drawer of the fridge too long, dried and wrinkled. I swallow one, downing it with Coke. I wonder how many to take. I swallow a few more. There are only five left in my hand, so I swallow them too. That'll teach him.

I wait to see what will happen, my attention shifting from the road to the needle in the red. It's almost at the top now. The words spin faster. Trying to ignore them, I look around. For the first time I notice the desert, surrounding me as far as I can see. I'm starting to get jumpy, imagining movement at the edge of my vision. Stripping black dots, flashes of light. What have I done? I light another smokes, calm down you idiot.

I'm smoked back in now, the words emanating like I shouldn't have taken the poyote.

That's right, you're stupid.

It's not the end of the world, I can handle it.

How would you know? People overdose all the time, go insane.

Puck off and leave me alone.

What's the matter, Alice, am I scaring you?

No you're not scaring me. You have nothing of value to say and I refuse to listen.

I wrench my thoughts away, see the needle. It's right at the top. Now what do I do? I try to remember what happened the last time it overheated. Steam was everywhere, I remember that. It took a gallon of water to fill the radiator again. I don't have any water with me. Will Coke work? Probably not. I guess I'd better pull over, let it cool down.

I take my foot off the gas, coasting to the side of the road. The moment I stop the heat descends on me, pouring through the open windows. I think about stories I've heard, of people dying in the desert. That won't happen to me; I've still got five cans of Coke left. My head is starting to swim though. I better find some shade. There's a big cactus, maybe that will work. I grab the Cokes, my smokes, and the car blanket.

My boots sink a little into the sand, grains cascading the toes. I love these boots—just like the Walking Dude's—wore down heels, the leather scuffed. I imagine the sound he makes, clucking along the pavement in the dead of night. Shit. I do not need to be thinking about Stephen King stories right now.

I look up just in time to prevent my nose from being speared. Ha. I spread out the blanket in the shade, facing the car. I want to keep it in sight, make sure it doesn't disappear on me. I hear a scurrying behind me, jerk around, visions of black widows crawling up my spine. Nothing there. Must be my imagination. But now I start thinking about rattlers, and scorpions. Don't they live in places like this? I walk around the cactus, peering for signs of said malevolent creatures. Nada. Ha.

I sit down again, open a Coke, light a smoke. That poyote must be shit, I don't feel anything. The smoke from my cigarette drifts upward, coiling into dragon-shapes, shifting colours from red to gold to green. Okay, maybe I feel a little. It's a little cool, really. The sand looks wild, little puffs kicking up and whirling down, spinning around. Oh. What's it doing now? It's a fucking tornado, tearing around the cactus, higher and higher until I can't see the car. I blink; that's better. It's just my imagination again.

You fucking bore, relax, enjoy the trip.

What do you think I'm doing?

You're fighting it. Don't fight, sink into it.

I'm not fighting it, I'm cool.

Yeah right. Man are you stupid. Cool is the furthest thing from what you are.

Yeah, but...

What's a yeahbut? Close relative of a rabbit?

And off it goes again, the words in my head starting up with ferocity. Who are these voices?

We're you.

No you're not. I know you, Mrs. Polanski.

I'll have no lip in my class. Write "I will not be rude to Mrs. Polanski" fifty times.

Ha, ha, Alice got to trouble. You're just stupid, aren't you Alice?

I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date.

Who's your date for the prom, Alice, Fatty Adrian? I bet you can't wait to kiss old Fattie.

I try to drown out the voices with song lyrics. "I've been waiting so long, to be where I'm going, in the sunshine of your love-o-o-ve." "Love me two times, I'm going a waaaaay."

Hey Alice, when are you going to do something with your life? Don't you think you're a little old to be changing careers again?

Fuck off, all of you. I won't listen.

But you can't help it. Alice. We're here to stay. Don't worry, we'll never leave you. We're your friends. "We love-o-ve you, and we know you'll love us too."

Never. Never. never.

You'll see.

"I need your love, to keep me happy. I need your love, baby won't you keep me happy?" My God, what have I done? I don't need anything from you. Get out! I can't bear it. But the voices keep whirling around, faster and faster. Everyone I've ever known. Every book I've read, song I've heard, movie I've seen. All these words, not one of them mine. Not even one. An eternity of voices. Why not one of them mine? How can I exist if not one is mine? Where am I in all of this? How can I breathe with all these people in my head? No peace, not even a moment's relief. If I can't stand it. Let me breathe. Please? For a minute? I can't fight the weight of all these people anymore. But if I give in they'll suffocate me. What can I do, what can I do? It's too much. I can't do it. I give up. I kill me. I surrender.

Blackness descends. "This is the end. My only friend, the end." The blackness descends. Blotting out the words, blotting out me. "Goodbye, cruel world, I'm leaving you today, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye..." There's nothing left. It's all gone now. Only the black remains.

I float in the black. Cold. It doesn't matter.

Is this death? It doesn't matter.

Am I here? It doesn't matter. Shh...

The black cloaks me in her icy embrace, I float.

I open my eyes. The black crouches over me, but there are holes in her garments now. I see pricks of light shining through them. And striding away from me goes the shadow of the desert woman, long black hair swirling behind her.

I strain towards her, hand outstretched. Don't leave me. She is gone.

I feel the blackness within me. I am here.



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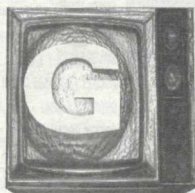
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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Greetings, fellow readers! This month I have for your personal two beautiful books concerning a very ugly subject, the Holocaust.

On her 40th birthday Eve gets a tattoo. Nothing stranger there, many people do something kooky like this on special occasions. Here's the catch: Eve etches the number 50023 on her arm; the identity of a female concentration camp victim during Hitler's Germany. So begins the outstanding history lesson of *Eve's Tattoo* (Vintage, \$12.50) by Emily Prager.

Why would Eve do such a thing? She writes a successful column for a men's mag not unlike *Esquire*, lives in New York with her filmmaker boyfriend, Charles César, and leads a normally frantic NY existence. As her friends can't help but remark, she's not even Jewish!

Eve is fascinated by the Holocaust and has many books on the subject which her lover insists she keep hidden in a corner of their bedroom as if it were porn material which should be locked away. Eve can't fathom how hatred could be nurtured as it was in Germany during Hitler's reign.

Eve has a photograph of three women taken in a death camp: two of the subjects turn away; the third glares with a mixture of hatred and sadness, showing her arm to the camera's eye. Her ID is 50023. Eve found this picture a few years back, and has no idea who this woman

is. She decides this woman, who she dubs "Eva Klein," will not have died in vain and that she, Eve, will



carry on her legacy so people will not forget the horrors of the war. So, is Eve crazy? I don't think so but it is debatable. As her friends see her new marking they are both fascinated and horrified (Charles leaves). The book continually finds Eve in situations where she has to explain her tattoo. Each time she tells a different, yet plausible, story about who the original bearer of the

number was. By the end of the tale we find who "Eva Klein" really was.

Eve's Tattoo mixes astounding facts about the Holocaust with a black-humored look at love and convictions. After reading this book I zoomed over to the library to track down Prager's other books. They include:

Clea and Zeus Divorce: I got through about 20 pages and had to stop. Completely different from *Eve's Tattoo*, this is a very busy novel about a married showbiz couple about to break up. I found it a supreme letdown after reading her new work. However, fans of quick-paced comedic writing might enjoy this.

A Visit From the Footbinder: A collection of five short stories. Emily had been an editor with the *National Lampoon* and some of the humor one would associate with the adolescent-fart boyishness of *NL* comes across in these stories, especially "The Lincoln-Fruit Anni-Rape Device," "Nudge-Nudge Wink-Wink," and "The Wink."

Wink tired yuks. Then Prager turns around and writes a tale of great sensitivity in the story about a young Chinese girl about to have her feet bound. Go figure.

Art Spiegelman's father, Vladek, is cranky and set in his ways. He and Art can hardly help but argue when they get together. In many ways the two share a fairly typical father/son relationship. However, Vladek is a survivor of the death camp in Germany during the war — the two have been coming to terms with his father and then retold it with "cartoon" art. Last year *Maus* won the Pulitzer Prize for literature.

Maus: A Survivor's Tale (Pantheon, \$15.00) is the true history of the Spiegelman family during the war and beyond. Art studied his family story with his father and then retold it with "cartoon" art. Last year *Maus* won the Pulitzer Prize for literature. In *Maus*, Jewish people are portrayed as mice and German's as cats, this way one reads the story as if it were a fairy tale between make-believe characters while still learning of the atrocities that went on during WW2.

Aside from the personal history of this family during the war we find Art trying to come to terms with his dad (an important part of *Maus*). Many sons and daughters of concentration camp victims grew up traumatized; even Art who was born after the war was over. *Maus* is a stunning book which attempts to pick up the pieces of a family crushed by the war and memories.

The Reading Railroad series at the Railway Club is a smashing success. The third reading will be March 15 with Al Purdy, Leslie-Hall Finch and Wyckham Porteous/Pat Fraser; the musical guest will be Harold Nix. So far, the highlight for me was seeing Art Bergmann solo with an acoustic guitar during the first performance. This mix of music and words is great and the Railway is a perfect setting. During the National Book Festival this Spring the Reading Railroad will host additional readings April 24, 25 and 26.

Comic-A-Go-Go took place on January 22nd at the Smash Gallery. This benefit raised \$85 dollars for the Milt Gross fund which helps cartoonists "in need." This is the charitable arm of the National Cartoonists Society in the States. Thanks again to cab and Potato Head for playing, 12 Midnight for the space, and all you wonderful cartoonists who showed your art. Kinda puts a

tear in my eye. Yer beautiful Next year #2, I promise.

Keep an eye out for **POPL**, the soon-to-be-open shop at 154 W. Hastings. Opening day: March 16. Aside from comics, books and mags there will be a coffee/juice bar and video rental! Run in part by Scooter (the guy with the purple hair from the Comicsoph), this shop is going to be a very happening place. Good luck, guys. AND, ahem, subtext is pleased to announce that Chester Brown will be discussing his great comic, *Yummy Fur* at POP! sometime mid April (most likely Sunday the 18th...look for it).

Chester Brown is indeed coming to the westcoast! He will be signing at the Comicsoph (2089 W. 4th) on April 10, in Seattle at Fallout on April 17, and in Victoria at the new comic shop Legends (date tba). He will also be heading down to San Francisco and LA. Chester's *Yummy Fur* is a mix of autobiographical remembrances of his teen years and truly bizarre s.e.f. stuff (ie. The Ed The Happy Clown saga has to be seen to be believed). If a subtext reader isn't enough to get you interested let me try this...Ed The Happy Clown is going to be made into a movie by Bruce MacDonald (Roadkill, Hwy 61).

LOCAL 'ZINE NEWS

Have you found *Gee-Zu*? It's a new, local, music magazine that you actually have to...sputter...gasp...boy. And considering it's only about a buck (depending where you buy it) it's not a bad deal. Fairly well done with loads of concert reviews, opinionated ideas and a minimum of photojournalism (like a *Disorder* writer should talk...). Also selling for a buck or so is *BUNTON #2* which is out now. It's produced by Rob Dayton who is very pleasant and I plan to support him by buying his stuff although it's still pretty rough around the edges for fussy older. Nicely packed in a polybag...naughty sticker, too...subtext was bribed last month by Shane who left his tiny 'zine along with the 7-inch single of "Na na Hey Hey Kiss Him Good-bye," a musical salute to an ex-hotshot guitar the Canucks once had (trust me I didn't already have it). Well, I believe the palm-sized 'zine is called *Sponge...* to be honest it was so small I've misplaced it around my pad. I remember it was filled with incomprehensible poetry and had obviously been lovingly made...*Artemis* is a combo art/gallery/book-store which stocks an amazing collection of obscure 'zines. Where else in town can one get *Tenange Gang Deh?* (by Main phone 'em at 873-5440).



WHAT I READ THIS MONTH by Ralph Alfonso



Ever wonder what *People Are Reading?* I do. Ralph Alfonso, way cool author of the wondrous freebie poetry explosion called *Ralph*, took the time to write and tell subtext.

Like everybody else I find that the older I get the less time I seem to have to put aside for serious reading, so these days I like to go through several sources at once; kind of like channel-hopping through paper.

During the last two months, I've enjoyed *Kickass*, a great 50's/60's trash rock fan-

zine edited by the ultimate rock couple: Billy Miller & Miriam Linna (They're in a band together. They edit a fanzine together. They run a label together.). They once stayed at my place when I lived in Toronto and, oddly enough, I've never heard from them since. I got it at Track Records (who also carry *Cryptic Times*, a kind of local equivalent).

The subject of comic books can get me going for hours, but I'll be positive and say I like *Eighthall*, *Magnus*, *Grendel*, *Mr. Monster*, *Madman*, *E.C. Reprints*, and *Spawn*

(well, we're not all perfect).

Book-wise, I just got *Mostly Harmless* by Douglas Adams, *Heart of the World* by Nik Cohn (his Ball the Wall compilation proves why he was the ultimate 60's Mod-rock journalist), *Beyond Co-Dependency* by Melody Beatty (you'll be surprised), plus *The Art of Blue Note* and *California Cool* (two amazing books with page after page of 50's jazz LP covers).

A cool newspaper to get is the weekly *European*, a kind of Euro USA Today that covers what's happening over there with more meat than you

find in the local papers (no comment). You have to keep a world perspective on things which, if you can read French, I would recommend picking up the Thursday edition of *Libération* down at Manhattan Books (you can find it on the French newspaper rack on the 2nd floor). It's their weekly Arts round-up; a pretty cool poster item to casually have lying around.

Ralph is available by subscription @12 issues for 12 First Class stamps or monetary equivalent: \$5.16.



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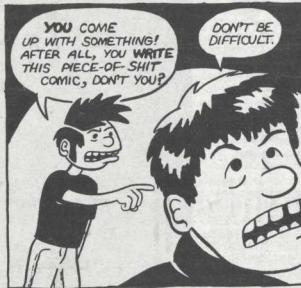
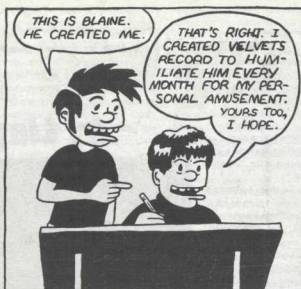
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12 DISORDER

so that gems affecting certain animal groups will be able to affect previous immune groups, including humans.

Another example can be found in the idea of sham confrontation. When Bush was nominated for the Republican candidacy in late 1987 there were widespread concerns that the interview with Dan Rather, Managing Editor of CBS News, in which Rather attacked Bush for his connections to the Iran/Contra scandal. This nearly a year before the election, was a carefully staged event whose purpose was to create sympathy for Bush, and to dramatically move the unobservant public into believing that poor George was being put through the madness of the media. The following day there was much talk about this "attack" on Bush. We were effectively diverted from the real issue, and that was that Bush was a more likely candidate for impeachment than President.

Do you feel that your claim of excessive censorship allows for more anti-establishment artists who do it to give the mainstream a few more mediocre, status-quo bands who say naughty words and play the "parental guidance sticker" game?

Again, as in the area of news, the issue of censorship in music or entertainment in general can be one fraught with strategy; the main-movers of the music business are able to create news out of their product and get millions worth of free advertising. The general public becomes confused about "acceptable limits" and easily falls prey to the plots of advertising departments.

So what can we expect with the Clinton Administration? If I'm not mistaken, the American artistic community is welcoming the new administration. It seems strange, however, as Mrs. AG Gore spearheaded her own wish for a few years back. What's up?

The face of things will be different, but that's it. I don't hear anyone suggesting that the National Security State should be dismantled or that even one of Reagan or Bush's many power grabbing policies will be overturned. No. Everything's in place for a continuation of all of the above, and more, because the Democratic Party get its main thrust itself in a much palatable Republican Party. Clinton, in fact, was linked with Bush in a Gerald Rivera story, that was nicely ignored, as having cooperated with a CIA drug running operation which made use of a certain Arkansas air base during the Contra operation. I like to think that the people of the US will force its paid employees in the government to address its real needs, but when they are so effectively manipulated how can they focus on the Big Picture?

Now that the Gulf War is on again it ought to be clear to the American public that the shift in purpose for the military and the defense industry from the Communist threat to the third world is in place. Rather than outrage at the obvious aggression of "the world's only remaining superpower" against a country whose military power has practically wiped out, the American pub-

lic is being diverted, once again, by a media barrage against the "inevitable" defeat of Saddam Hussein and the glamour of a new administration and its promise to revitalize a failed economy. No one is seeing the connection: the only way to revitalize the US economy is by increased needs of the defense industry. Clinton is right behind the Bush policy, but the public is being distracted by the public relations strategy to signal a return to the sixties and the Kennedy myth. They've even got Bob Dylan out there. Hey, Bob...whatever happened to "Masters of War"? Is the artist still blowing in the wind?

"In all my works I strive to combine the cerebral with the aesthetic, the musical with the non-musical, the surreal with the organic. I employ my imagination and intuition to explore new compositional techniques in the hope of revealing fresh sonic terrain."

Theoretically, Sting, Paul Simon, David Byrne, and others, inventors/discoverers of Third World music could include a similar quote on their record inserts. Why do you believe they apply more to your own objectives and philosophies than it does theirs? The only thing Sting, Paul Simon and David Byrne are doing, besides treating us to megadotes of their unbelieveably limited voices, is to dress up their sound with pseudo-World Music. When I speak of "fresh sonic terrain" I am not thinking of the practice of plundering the Third World, but the sonic territory that our imaginations can explore out of this world. What I meant here was that instead of the dictatorship of formal musical composition I try to explore a new compositional approach with each work in the hope that each work will sound substantially different. If I can come up with a previously unexplored (by me) mode of operation, I can learn a new compositional approach.

Now that Paul Simon and David Byrne have discovered the Third World do you believe that "fresh sonic terrains can" exist? Our brains are computer-generated? "Fresh sonic terrains" can exist, but the sonic territory provided you believe that there are new ways of getting there. Most people who "study" music formally are either subtly or overtly taught that "it's" all been done."

Your use of samples on *Excess of Free Speech* is extensive, particularly voice samples. Samples of their own, play a large role in the production of popular mu-

sic and in and of themselves. Regardless, do you think samples are still a form of subversion? I never thought of samples as subversion. I believe in the use of any sound source which can serve the conception of the whole work. It is irritating to me to constantly have to deal with the trend-oriented aspect of composing. Early on it was the trend to be "technological," then "electronic," as opposed to "acoustic," then "industrial" as opposed to "new age." These considerations are

"In a democracy, supposedly, all points of view which are focused on the greater good of all are heard and considered. Is there anyplace on earth that is, in actuality, functioning this way?"

for critics by and large. As I said, I like to mix up all the sources to hopefully produce a work of singularity.

What is your connection with electro-composer Blair Petrie? Did you not collaborate on some projects? Could you please give us a bit of your recording history, not only with Blair but as a solo composer, with Port Said, etc.? What is the Cinematics Series? Blair Petrie is a good friend with whom I collaborated in 1986 to produce a cassette called *Gorgons and Gargoyles*. I started producing and performing music with Port Said. There was a single, "Indian Ocean, Voyage 2," and four album length cassettes, as well as a couple videos and compilations. The Cinematics Series were five potential soundtracks for films. The idea was to use film as a reference point to create credible mental movies.

Would you or would you not say your objectives in creating musical expression have changed over time? How so?

In the years with Port Said we were working toward getting a record label and being acknowledged by our peers as well as the music buying public. Our blend was evocative of the European experimental albums of the mid-seventies and I figured the avalanche of the "new age" as yet (in 1981) unknown in the US.

consumer. They then proceeded to market the category as a purely generic one, inviting many unemployed session musicians to become composers. I didn't find that they were looking to expand audio horizons as promised. Now I don't care about any of these considerations. I'm producing work to satisfy myself and with little or no thought of achieving status in the official music business. My current CD is an attempt to discover relationships between media and music and the use of special effects and how they may affect the biological, psychological, and political sensibilities.

Who do you admire from Canada? From Vancouver?

Having a pretty wide variety of musical talent, I admire a great many musical talents from Canada, from John Oswald to John Mitchell. From Vancouver, besides Blair, I haven't really met very many composers or musicians. The people whom I know are from every possible walk of life and they have either not made their talents public yet, or I don't wish to feed their egos by mentioning them.

What function do artists like Merzbow, Zeni Geva, The Haters & Death metal bands serve? I don't listen to death metal or too many noise artists. I think it is really difficult to make work that is sure to win the pain of listening. I suppose the function that they serve is to fill out the spectrum of possibilities of sound experiences for those who are into a thing as S & M.

Is there such a thing as an inaudible or subconscious sound? I do think that there are inaudible and/or subconscious sounds. Even in my own work I sometimes am amazed to find that sounds I can recall are not really there but only implied. If you are referring to sounds picked up by tape decks left in open fields which pick up voices and glossolalia unheard by the human ear, I do believe that it is possible, although I haven't heard any of it myself.

Name some of your contemporaries whom you admire? I like a great many works by a variety of people. Most of the ones who inspired me originally are either more "anger music" or have moved in directions that disinterested me. I have been too successful for their own good.

In the area of sound sculpture I sometime like The Hafler Trio, although they seem to be going for shock effect now. Also about one in every ten of Amon Teshchen's albums does something for me.

What's the last record you purchased? The last CDs I got were by some of my label-mates Paul Schutze and Mo Bonta. The last LP was by Mongo Santamaria.

Your label-mate Bryn Jones (Muslingauze) dedicates his 1990 release *INTIFAXA* in this manner: "Total commitment to the Palestinian cause, direct action of all forms justified." How do you react to such a slogan? Shock value? Glamour? Both? Do you feel musicians should be dabbling in areas where maybe they shouldn't (i.e. political sloganeering)? How do you see Stefan Teshchen fitting in to not fitting in as a political commentator?

I like Muslingauze. The slogans are packaging but I have no doubts that he is sincere about it. Although the musical experience doesn't require the listener to accept his commitment, I guess he wants us to know that the political aspect is important for him. I'm sure we share certain views about imperialism but I don't sympathize with religious fanaticism of any sort. Also, the tendency to call-to-arms for a cause is a very tricky thing. If one can justify it for one's own cause it is also automatically justified for one's opponent. I don't see myself as a political commentator. Have a definite viewpoint, but I design my works around the total sound experience, addressing the concrete as well as the abstract. If my current works were just to get my politics across I would put out a pamphlet. I do think it's valid to express viewpoints. Listeners are not required to agree but perhaps to be stimulated to thinking. In any case, there is a long and healthy tradition of music/sound works with social or political overtones.

Did you have a religious upbringing?

I had a moderate amount of exposure to religion. My grandparents were all Russian Jews and basically secular. I was able to see quite early that adherence to religious doctrine was antithetical to living life with imagination and tolerance of others. Judaism, Christianity, and Islam have put a brace on our brains. I believe that religious tribalism is a divisive force and that most of the problems of the world can trace their sources to the slavery propagated by monotheistic religions. And the business aspect of organized religions make a mockery of all the moral preaching. Mostly, religions deal in power play and scapegoating.

That said, I can only add that all the suffering that religion has wrought has resulted in some amazing art, music, and literature. I would like to think that someday we will be able to transcend the need for religious doctrine and live in harmony with an instinctive respect for the value of life without the chains, but business has a way of perpetuating itself.

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Just what is Negativland and why have you heard that name so frequently without hearing music just before, just after, or during that section? Well, maybe you're a picture.

Say, for instance, you are NegativLand—Mark Hoelzer, David Wills and Richard Lyons—living in the Bay area around San Francisco. You like to fiddle about with neat sounds. A few independently released LPs came, all works of an incredible, almost obsessively meticulous, organization of sounds. Chris Grigg and Don Joyce join NegativLand's current line-up in the "Over the Edge" drop-in live radio show on KPFA, Berkeley. Albums like 1987's *Escape From Noise* and 1989's *Heider Shaped* get wider availability through SST Records. Both albums make "The Best of You" lists by critics across North America and NegativLand became reasonably popular as proponents of what can only be described as a new form of music. Their deft use of sound and humour separates NegativLand from the comparisons to the often humorless industrial genre, and their media manipulation experiments have said a lot about today's culture.

So, in 1991, NegativLand releases a single that "covert" a U2 song in a way that only they can do. However, the massive powers that be in the music industry decide this relatively small underground group must be dealt with and proceed to launch lawsuits against NegativLand and SST, basically for having the gall to put out this single. This results in a mammoth cast of worms being opened up, showing the realness of the music business, at NegativLand's expense. NegativLand also finds themselves victims of out-moded copyright laws that do not take into account the new technologies.

So, now, 1993 finds NegativLand broke, but unbowed, on the heels of a new LP, *From*, due out in April and followed by a tour (something they really do), and of course, court dates. But I'll let Mark tell you about that.

Mark Hoelzer: It's funny that these days we never end up sitting around talking about stuff, like how fun different weird noises and stuff that's a good deal of what we actually like to do, 'cause we're always talking about lawsuits, copyrights...

Discorder: Yeah, it seems you've been kind of busy the last couple of years with that? Mark Hoelzer: Well, yeah, it's going to be a year and a half now, and I can easily say it's going to drag on at least another year, and I wouldn't be surprised if it crops up again. I wouldn't be surprised if someone else decides to go after us for some other record we do in the future.

Let's start with that. You put out a release in August of '91, the U2 two-song single; it's quite the package. Okay, this is the thing that opened a big can of worms here.

Oh, opened them right away! Generally, what everyone knows about the U2 thing turns out to be wrong. It's like the game of telephone, where the story's been repeated so many times and no-one had quite right to begin with. Right now it's so distorted that... and that's actually why we did the magazine, *The Letter U* and the *Numeral Two*, because we realize it is a story with telling, a tale worthy of being told. As well as there was no way we could rely on the media to convey what had really happened because it was far too complicated, and the media is not very good at, or interested in, conveying complex issues.

Some could argue that it's not very good at conveying the truth. Well, yeah.

Essentially, *The Letter U* and the *Numeral 2* is a 96 page booklet and about a 25 minute compact disc documenting the case and commentators arising out of the case that Island and Warner-Chappell launched, not necessarily U2 the band themselves.

No, not U2 the band at all, though they certainly came to be involved whether they wanted to or not. It's presented in chronological order and it is our attempt at an objective presentation. I don't believe there is, in fact, any such thing as objectivity but it is certainly an attempt at an objective presentation of what

happened: no commentary or explanation, what's interesting, what's important, what the issues are, who the villains are, if any, or cetera, et cetera. And that seemed to fit with our whole, you know... No one in NegativLand is very comfortable with telling people how to think. Certainly there's a lot of social-political stuff in our work, as well as a lot of really stuff in our work, but we do that serious stuff only if it comes across in a way that isn't like we're trying to shove our point of view down your throat.

Let's see, the principals involved in this are you, David Wills, Chris Grigg, Richard Lyons, Don Joyce, SST Records...

Which is solely owned by Greg Ginn. Some people don't necessarily realize that there's no committee making decisions there on how to behave, it's just one guy.

...and Warner-Chappell, which is the publishing arm of Time-Warner. So, essentially, what it is with relevance to U2 is that Warner-Chappell publishes U2's songs.

Yes. As well as being the publishing arm of the largest media monster on the planet, that sort of works into it as well.

...and Island Records, which is headed by Chris Blackwell. Well, sort of, he's the president and it was begun by him. He sold the company to Polygram a few years back and that's one of the many interesting footnotes to this whole tale; Amnesty International and Greenpeace, whose promoters are U2, are now working to make a profit for a company that is owned, ultimately, by a defence contractor. Philips owns Polygram, Polygram bought Island, and if you look at their roster the only band that's currently making a lot of money, I believe, is the group U2. In fact, that whole Zoo TV tour, as it was presented on MTV,

was co-presented with Philips' new compact digital cassette format. This is stuff we've researched. I mean, we've found out who owned who just 'cause we were curious... and Philips owns Polygram. And Philips is ranked as one of the world's top defence contractors with over 4000 employees in South Africa, et cetera, et cetera.

It seems that a lot of people, especially the teen-music buying consumers, don't look further than the album cover where U2 put their little spell to support Amnesty International.

I'm not against that or anything but it's ironic, perhaps a lot worse than that, hypocritical. It asks one of those interesting questions: does the group U2 actually realize that, or just not care? Do they realize it and say,

"Well, we're making this Faustian bargain with the devil, but we do it because we're promoting a larger idea that's somehow subversive to what we're working for?" Or is U2's management, in fact, insulating them from reality so they don't even know it? And if you read the interview with the Edge, that's one argument that could be made. They really don't realize 90% of what's going on around them, who's working on their behalf, and who's going out and suing people for them in order to protect their interest.

What was the timespan between the actual lawsuit that was launched against NegativLand to when the hand U2 actually found out about the release? Was there time between?

I don't really know because it's hard to know who to believe. It's possible that they knew about it as early as two or three months later. If you read the magazine, Chris Blackwell is saying that U2 was pressuring him to drop the lawsuit, and he's saying he won't. At the same time that's happening we're talking to writers who say that U2 doesn't even know about it, leading us to believe that Island Records has realized that they've screwed up, publicly-wise, and that they want to make sure all the blame falls on Island Records and not the band. So they're lying and playing the sort of good cop/bad cop routine with U2 as the good cop and Chris Blackwell, or Island Records, as the bad cop. So, I don't really know. The first time we really became clear that they knew anything at all was quite a few months later in spring of '92.

I think this is a good indication of just

how insulated U2 are from their own business partners, when their corporations that basically govern their songwriting, publishing, etc., goes ahead and sues on their behalf, for their products, their songs, their art. In fact, in the interview with the Edge, he says that they didn't use one of the group's own set of concurred that, yeah, he would perceive it as U2 suing us even though it wasn't true but, in fact, if you read the language of the lawsuit, which is printed in our magazine, it's clear that they are suing on our behalf. They talk about the damage we're going to do to U2's image.

That's the impression I got reading over the

court case. Casey Kasem plays a large part in the actual song. He inspired the entire project.

How did you obtain the tape? A couple of different sources. There's two sets of tape on there, even though they're mixed together to sound like one tape. The dedication to the dead dog Smuggles was given to us by a fan at a show we did in Portland. Subsequently, a friend of mine, a musician named Steve Fisk, gave me a better copy of it which was ultimately used. And then the part where he's actually talking about U2, you know, "These guys are from England and who gives a shit," that's from another friend of mine in LA who is friends with someone who's friends with someone who's an engineer for Casey Kasem. As far as I know, the Smuggles tape is well known in the underground of people who collect such things. We might be the only people that have gotten a hold of the U2 stuff. The Smuggles stuff, Howard Stern actually broadcast with all of the obscenity edited out. In fact, that Casey was talking about U2, as you correctly deduced, was what gave us the idea to do the whole project.

I imagine that if he'd mentioned anybody instead of U2... Van Halen? Zep Top!

...you still would have been sued, if it was a large, corporate band? Who knows.

Who knows? The work would have taken an entirely different form. And the concept grew out of the Casey Kasem thing than anything U2 ever did. Is that right? Yeah, that was the seed of the idea and then it sprouted until we started thinking about more and more, and adding more tapes. We picked

the song that we wanted to use, which was "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," and then the image of the spy plane on the cover, the U2 spy plane which was shot down over the Soviet Union on an secret mission looking for something, a little

bombarded analogy, seemed to fit in a nice way. We thought we had a great little song idea; a nice little project.

I heard the gems of what resulted in the U2 concept, in 1989, when you were in

Montreal. A friend of mine taped it off Radio McGill. It sounded quite different. Yeah, we don't exactly take what we live and make it sound like that on the records, and we don't try to sound like our records live. Most of the time our approach each little area we're working in is as unique medium, if you want to call that. The live shows are very structured. I mean there's a lot of improvisation within the structure, we know exactly which sections are which, and the radio shows are extremely different. It's the opposite in that we know the material we have, we have a theme, but as far as how it all comes together that's totally unknown. Of course, on the radio show we also have the input of the callers.

Let's go back to the U2 thing. So, you put out this book, a documentation of the case, which resulted in \$90,000 in court costs.

If you look at the book the actual costs in damages to Island Records was approximately \$45,000. The rest is an amount that SST is claiming they spent on manufacturing the release, advertising, and their employee's time. [He] Greg [Ginn] claims it is \$90,000, we figure it's close to about \$63,000. SST has never accounted to us properly on how they came up with that figure, but then again they've never properly accounted to us for anything, ever.

We were very strongly led to believe that SST would split the losses in some way, that was fair. A number of things were said verbally, also, the lawyer who handled the case, a fellow named Michael Blaha, actually told me on the phone, "Don't worry, SST will settle this fairly with you," and instructed us to sign the out-of-court settlement papers before we were to go out and work out the settlement. It turns out that

anytime a lawyer's representing two different groups of people who are both being sued you always have a potential conflict of interest—Blaha was representing both of us in the suit against Island Records and Warner-Chappell Publishing. He's supposed to draw up an agreement that would preclude either party from turning around and suing each other. He, as far as we can tell, either out of stupidity or out of conspiring with Greg Ginn, and it's hard to know which, didn't do that or let us know that was something important.

So we signed this agreement that left us wide open. The settlement should have protected everyone but we were totally naïve; we did everything we could to be cooperative including giving them a brand new record when they asked to replace the U2 record [the *Guns EP*]. What Greg Ginn says in public is that we lied and we're fucking them over, victimizing them and just ripping them off, and that we agreed we would pay them for any losses that arose out of SST getting sued for anything we did. We did in the past, but this situation made it different; one of which Greg Ginn insisted we put our publishing name on the record instead of U2's, which is wrong because it is a cover version. He decided not to appear on the licensing form for when you do a cover version of a song, and that's part of what we got sued over. He told us he'd been warned by a lawyer not to put the record out but he didn't tell us until after we were sued. On top of that their lawyer told us that SST would split it fair with us.

With other records we might have totally agreed that we were at fault. With this particular

by Mofa

record we felt that the decisions SST made, and how they handled the release of the record, that they had some responsibility. We were proposing a fifty-fifty split and, for some strange reason which we will never understand, you'd have to talk to Greg's psychiatrist, he refused to talk to us or negotiate anything! He just gave us ultimatums: "you pay all of it and that's it," "fuck you," "talk to my secretary," and "I've got a business to run here, I'm not interested in talking about this." The very reason we signed to SST was because it was a company that would never do anything like that and you could talk to them. Greg really should have talked to us, we could have been willing to take a different split if he'd negotiated.

So, instead of negotiating with Negativland, and trying to come up with some agreement, he just put up a legal wall.

Well, no, he became kind of a busy corporate guy. "I can't deal with it, just sign the fucking indemnification agreement, give me all your money from all your releases you've ever done and, by the way, where's your next two records?" We'd be talking about doing a new release for SST and here they are expecting us to give them our next release in exchange for all of our earnings, forever. The agreement they gave us to sign is worded in such a way that it would allow them to take as much money as they want from us for as long as they want. It was a very poorly written agreement.

Subsequently, we've found out from quite a few lawyers who've looked at the case and said "You should have fought the case, you would have won," that a number of law firms we have spoken to would have been happy to take the case for free, or a reduced rate, because it was such a great case and it could have established new law. Basically, the way that we went along with SST's handling of the suit we missed a chance to establish legal precedent, and that's, in the bigger picture, the worst tragedy of the whole thing.

It is a big tragedy but, from the perspective of being a band, that's not what you set out to do with the release in the first place. So how could you have predicted that it would turn into such a monster?

Well, we couldn't have, of course not. But on the other hand, we try to do smart things. People seem to have an idea that perhaps we've done what we do for publicity reasons. I don't know why making an ethical and moral decision to leave your label and handle this in this way is a publicity move. I think we've been good at taking situations that have arisen, and adjusting to 'em, and doing something that is interesting, creative or fun. We never expected the next release would be a book about us being sued, but once the story developed beyond a certain point it became obvious that was the next idea. It was like, "Let's make a book! I've always wanted to make a book!"

So, essentially, here you are with this release and I notice that Casey Kasem is publicly saying he's got no problem with Negativland's use of his tape. Well, he said he was embarrassed by it but that he understood this was an issue of free

speech. You know, free speech doesn't mean you have to like what the other person is saying. Of course, privately, his lawyer said that they would sue us and Island Records if they ever gave the copyright to us, or if we ever released it. We went on a tour last fall and everywhere we went we gave out Casey Kasem's address and fax number—by the way he's changed the fax number since we put out the magazine [see the box]—so, now, Casey Kasem has actually gotten enough letters from people that he's sending out a form letter in response to people. So irate Negativland fans are getting a form letter from Casey Kasem which implies he never even said what he is actually quoted as saying in the magazine. He is now saying that it is not about censorship, it's about piracy, and that Negativland stole this music and these tapes and using them illegally! It's the most disingenuous thing I've ever seen!

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Jesus! So basically Greg Ginn, Casey Kasem, and the lawyers are saying one thing and doing another...

And you have a group like U2 who, at least in principle, say one thing and do another as well. He is now saying that he's sending out a form letter in response to people. So irate Negativland fans are getting a form letter from Casey Kasem which implies he never even said what he is actually quoted as saying in the magazine. He is now saying that it is not about censorship, it's about piracy, and that Negativland stole this music and these tapes and using them illegally! It's the most disingenuous thing I've ever seen!

It's kind of ironic, too, that their Zoo TV Tour is doing exactly what they're sure for.

Well, how about that! That's right, they're Zoo TV tour is infringing on copyright in a massive way every single night! They've been touring now for about a year, using live video feeds taken off a satellite and mixing in their own pre-recorded video and stuff, but they're also feeding in live images from the networks, putting it in a new context and broadcasting it out to thousand and thousands and thousands of U2 fans, who pay \$35 each night to see them. They're certainly not asking permission for that. It's fine that they're doing that, I find it very interesting.

So what's happened since then? I guess the Edge didn't give you the money you asked for to start the label or else you wouldn't be as broke as you are.

In fact, he never responded to us ever again after that *(Mondo 2000)* interview. We sent him a whole package with a proposal and a budget and said, "Look, if you're not interested, fine, you're not duty-bound to help us, but we think it would be a really great idea. It would be hilarious and great publicity but if you don't want to help us just let us know so we're not left hanging. Because we're in an incredibly desperate situation." Of course, he did just that, leave us hanging.

You haven't heard anything from the U2 camp since the magazine came out?

We have, kind of indirectly. Someone we know, who is a manager, has written in a letter and gotten some answers, sort of. It seems that they're still concerned with the public perceiving them as being bad guys in the situation. And that if we have any creative ideas for how they could help, that doesn't involve them lending us money, then they might be interested. I don't understand that. I believe I read they grossed \$96,000,000, or

suit, that we should be intimately involved. We should have followed our instincts at the time to pursue other avenues to deal with Island, but we were convinced by SST that there was no other alternatives. And since SST had the most up-front liabilities it seemed fair enough to let them handle it.

Anyway, once you're sued by somebody you can't just ignore it. A lot of people have said, "Well, Mark, why don't you just forget about it or throw it in the trash, it's just a piece of paper?" That was my feeling too, but I found out that when you're sued you're sucked into this system; the legal vacuum has sucked you in with the dirt and the lint and you can't get out. There have to respond to the rules of the system. If you don't, the other side wins and get what is called a "default judgement." Then they would get everything they're demanding, and SST is demanding \$30,000 from us and our next two records.

Priestly, SST is not paying us any of the royalties from any of our records, they're withholding all of that, and they have also succeeded in stopping us from selling our magazine. The magazine was doing quite well: we were on our way to gaining the position of being able to run our own label again and putting out our next album. Luckily, we were able to stop the first pressing and pay off the people who borrowed money from, with ten percent interest.

What's happening now is that we've actually found free legal help. It's not completely free but in the legal world it's pretty close. We pay phone bills, faxes, postage and Xeroxing costs—the lawyer's time is free.

NEGATIVLAND DISCOGRAPHY

Okay, these releases are put out by Negativland, solely. If you purchase these titles Negativland gets all of the money.

ALBUMS:

Negativland (Sealand 001) CD, 1980
Points (Sealand 002) CD, 1981
A Big 10-8 Place (Sealand 003) CD, 1983

VIDEOS:

No Other Possibility (Sealand 005) 60 minutes, VHS, 1989

MISC.:

"Christianity Is Stupid" T-shirt (Sealand 701) L, XL
"Negativland Is Stupid" button (Sealand 802)

All available from:

Negativlandorderland
109 Mima #391
San Francisco, CA 94105.
Write to them for more information.

These releases, although great, at press time are on SST Records. So the purchasing of any of these items will, in turn, give money to Greg Ginn and Negativland. Negativland is NOT involved with, nor instigated, nor support the "Kill Bono" t-shirts.

Escape From Noise (SST 133, RecRec 17) LP, Casette, CD, 1987
Hyper Slurp (SST 252, RecRec 29) LP, Casette, CD, 1989

Guns EP (SST 291) 12", Casette, CD, 1992
"Vol.1: JanCam '84" (SSTC 223) Casette only, 1985
"Vol.2: Pastor Dick" (SSTC 901) Casette only, 1990
"Vol.3: The Weatherman" (SSTC 902) Casette only, 1990
"Vol.4: Dick Vaughn/Moribund Music of the 70's" (SSTC 904) Casette only, 1990

Not available:

U2 single (SST 272) 12", Casette, CD, 1991

PART ONE:



SATURDAY, APRIL 3

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Will is a Vancouver threasure who has probably been overlooked by more people than you would like to believe. They're listening. *Word Fresh* Son, is a fusion of strategic analog music and the handwork of Rhys Fulber, John McBride, and Chris Pannone. They are putting a sound that is unprecedented in genre, powerfully destructive, and abusive.

Discorder: Explain the name Will and what does it all mean?

Chris: We were looking for a name for quite a while, it took us a while to come up with a title for the whole project. We came up with Will because it was some meaning which we pretty accurate mainly stemming from inner strength, but even then it's literal like the disposal of one's possessions after death. We feel that the Will project is almost something of permanence, like an epitaph, it's probably not long after we finish doing it. I think that the main reason we'll come to the agreement of that name, it just seemed to be the sound. **Chris:** From the Crowleyn definition to the definition in the dictionary it implies a deliberate act.

About a year before Paul of Crime Price was around there were a few footcops of your early works around town. How long have you been working on this project?

Chris: Since 1987. We've put together a demo around 1988 when we started writing songs. That's what we call the dark years. We didn't eat and we had about two pieces of gear. So the first album is part a collection of the dark-years material. **John:** Fortunately, at the time, all of this as I feel together even though we worked quite independently, rather than a traditional group practicing, we were constantly around each other to kind of rub off on each other. We were on similar parallel as we had a chance to work together for a few years and take from the collection of songs we were doing. So when Paul came out it was quite dated for us. I mean we're two of our own naive years but we still thought it was necessary to put it out, kind of as a starting block.

It doesn't really seem like Will has a distinct period, definitely not 1987. It seems like it has one of those timeless sounds, especially with the use of Gregorian chants.

Chris: It's classical instrumentation. It's something that's been around for a long time, and our choice of using that kind of sound is definitely, it's ethically pleasing and it's timeless. We don't really want to fall into any sort of trend, we just want to create something that will last.

How do you feel about the whole technological and how electronic music has become accepted by the masses?

Chris: Sometimes I find myself wondering if it's even music at this point. It's become something that's more of a manufacturing and marketing process than an actual musical work.

Do you consider yourselves apart of the electronic scene or do you consider yourselves from that? **Chris:** We're a part of it in that we're using all the cutting edge technology. We're using the best music available, that's where the creativity is. I think that instead of creating something that sounds like an electronic album we're trying to make it sound as much as natural as possible. We want the machinery itself to be invisible. So I just put up with the image and feeling.

I asked you the same question and you said you just used two tape decks and a CTR what they thought of your album, one said that your album sounded too electronic, and the other said that it was sound that you did it all with technology. **Chris:** He was probably the master of the two (laugh). Because I don't think of electronics when I listen to it.

Chris said self-sufficiency almost the point of beauty. I feel each song has a unique and evokes an emotion, it's not something that relies on getting people moving and dancing. The only time I heard someone tell me they heard it in a club I confused everyone and made them for a drink.

Chris: And then there were some people dancing like they weren't seeing people dance. A few people were just shaking hard to it.

John: I feel it provides a strong reaction, be it positive or negative. There's no middle ground with the Will sound, it's all or nothing. I prefer an extreme reaction rather than someone telling me they like it just because they feel they have to.

Who compiles your lyrical content?

Chris: That's what it is, whereas Rhys and Chris are responsible for all of the musical composition, engineering and arranging. I do most of the direction and the lyrics. I would take that to the end of the line to the hand's final identity.

So you design your own album cover?
Chris: Yeah, I work with John Deinson who is an eccentric collector friend of mine. He's a fascinating guy. He probably met myself 20 years later. We have such similar parallels, we work really well together. He's a brilliant photographer and he's been the world as we have a really good working relationship. He's the type of person I will be using to the very end.

The new album sort of reads like the Book of Revelations. Do you find a lot of inspiration from the Bible?

John: I don't think inspiration. **Chris:** Fascination. **John:** I think it's the perversion and darkness of some of the religious scripture that is fascinating but I think that would be more relevant to Paul of Crime Price. With this I feel we had a few more outside influences. I started reading about fossils, astrology and science, and magic. **Word Fresh:** So this was more of a confusion to you, I think it's a bridge to our next project which will be even stronger.

It's obvious that there is more of an emphasis put on vocals this time around, even with the inclusion of the lyrics in the album. I understand that it was an accident that the lyrics didn't get printed with Paul. **John:** It's a shame that they didn't get printed the first time because it was something I felt would be good for the people who can't perhaps decipher some of the naming and mixing (you have just finished some of it a little bit more for them). At the same time it is my almost a good thing because it came out a little vague.

So you have a little more confidence in what you're doing?

John: I think so. When we did the first album there were no practices. I'd never been in a studio, I was just in and out and there would be a song on tape. We did that song for some. Sometimes I like the randomness and the way that was a refreshing feeling to just do it in that way. **Word Fresh:** So you've experienced when I think doing *Word Fresh* was like going through a great game I like better at what we do. **Chris:** Musically it's producing the entire music matter.

What about melodic vocals?

Chris: At this point I pass you can call me vocal, but I don't really sing. They're more like a piece of music that I've been under control with the music to make it more of a melody. **John:** Or even just that as another instrument with the looseness of the human error. Will music is as

composed and so arranged it's mathematically correct. Intense, it has a middle, it has an end. I look at it all the time as the answer of human existence. I don't put there any and it's key and make it perfect. I think it's perfect in its imperfection, you know? That's the way we work; every step of the way.

In two separate publications you have been compared to Don Dokken and Laibach, or a hybrid of the two. What do you think of this comparison?

Chris: Comparisons are funny, they're used all the time when people are at a lack of words to describe it themselves, but being compared to both of those bands is a compliment. **John:** Yeah, I would take that as a compliment. I have a lot of respect for Don Dokken and Laibach. I have most of their music and enjoy everything

conventional way of thinking. For us it's a spiritual reason, an extreme of creative destruction and that's all we do. We'll have the same vision of that kind of mind.

I'm going to read this quote for you guys: "Thus we are to understand that the evil and good angels dwell near one another, and yet there is the greatest immense distance between them. For the heaven is in hell and the hell is in heaven, and yet the one is manifest to the other; and though the devil should go many millions of miles distant to enter into heaven and see it, yet he would not be in hell and see it." — Jakob Boheme

Do you believe there is a barrier between good and evil or do they accommodate each other? **Chris:** I think there is a balance. **Chris:** There is a necessary duality to everything, and we're exposed to it in our world from the lightest to the darkest. They're co-existence. Some how it's like you're in the like the disciples of damnation here in the heart of hell. It's a matter of how they have to fit with one you have to fight with the other. But there's always the balance, you never lose that.

Do you consider yourselves fallen angels or leaders of a cross? **John:** I see it as pure extremes and we're in our own world of working, without comparison to anything remotely similar. I don't consider the Will project as a religious or spiritual movement. I feel we're doing with people who have the same respect for art and thought; people who have that same part, will or determination.

Will is a whole of a fist to the always—a looking back of the damned souls? **John:** One problem that I have with the idea of Will project is that people are not listening right to it and thinking about it and perhaps, create something such as a melody. Or that I'm the voice of someone in a concept and melody, and so on. I really think an extreme and I think there's really nothing wrong with asking questions. It's people who assume that they are being told and what they are reading as truths. They're content with being passive spectators or simply watching the band and listening to the music without any questions. For all they know it could all be a lie.

I'm glad to ignore the religious overtones of your album...

foreboding of the territory were going into. **John:** In the beginning I was fresh into the idea of doing this and I just assumed the role along with the graphics. It was important for me, and for all of us, to have a balance on the final album because we didn't want someone getting tired of listening to the loud guy, so we wanted to have a balance between darkness and light, and voice, and instrumentation. I think it's the winding down instruments after the storm that put the previous song into perspective. It almost makes more sense to have a balance between the equal balance. I agree with you, I think "Souls of the Valiant" is another bridge going into the next album, and I feel that it's representative of the type of sound to expect from Will in the future.

So do you feel there is more power in written word? **John:** Will is a far beyond written or spoken word, it's above and beyond any sort of earthly conventional way of thinking. For us it's a spiritual reason, an extreme of creative destruction and that's all we do. We'll have the same vision of that kind of mind.

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I'm glad to ignore the religious overtones of your album...

Chris: Record in the low and middle value of society is not just exclusive to creativity in human art that permeates the whole fabric of society to what people think is right, and wrong. **John:** I kind of derive, and extract, and make certain liberties with the typical content of Will. I'm a glorified plagiarist. I'm the fastest reader in the class. I'm the first to point out that it's a necessity with the stuff I'm deriving from like literature or pamphlets. I don't see it as a fragmented way, much like a collage in visual sense. I take links from paper, or ideas, or phrases, or things like power words, and write them on bigger pieces of paper and sort them out. All of a sudden they become books and books become volumes. It's just a process of extracting, perhaps a mix of it, of course some of the terms and phrases directly from the scriptures.

In a way do you feel society has become numb to religion, or the borrowing of sounds and words, because of the accessibility of sampling technology. **John:** There's a big difference between us and the majority of borrowing going on in popular culture. We're not making it obvious and doing it because of the lack of creativity. We sample stuff from classical musicians because we don't have the means necessary to have fifteen or twenty classical musicians doing all those parts for us. **Chris:** We're reinterpreting everything we take in. It's not like we're taking in a whole lot of something, adding a dash-bait and la la we have a new piece.

Does it bother you that your album has received such critical acclaim in the States and Europe and yet you almost seem to be invisible in your home country, even city. **John:** The Canadian music scene is like a person who is hard of hearing, you have to make a lot of noise to get their attention. **Chris:** It was a logical step for us to get a deal in Europe rather than here. In Europe they have a certain open-mindedness and appreciation for the art and dance, and perhaps, they hear it for its quality.

Chris: People here aren't used to powerful imagery, especially in music. They want to be around, more than anything.

John: I think a lot of people in Vancouver don't want to be challenged, they don't want to perceive things in a different light. They're comfortable with what's going on now and not want a lot of noise to get their attention. **Chris:** We do and perhaps over time people in Vancouver will recognize it. But, then again, our hometown is just one town and it's just one person like it, and it's the right person. It's better than a whole town of wrong people liking it.

Chris: I enjoy the process as well. I just like blending into the woodwork and quietly going on with my business.

Do you see yourselves doing live performances or are you strictly sticking to studio?

Chris: We're going to do live performances. We're going to play live with Will and, in fact, probably won't play again until the time comes when we can play. Will show us a solid down. We have a lot of planning going on, it's a little bit of a mess, but something we're in a great light now.

John: To create that specific music, in what we envision, would be quite difficult. So I think the logical first step would be to start by doing live performances. We're going to make live shows and perhaps do another full length CD. We know there's a need to do a tour. I don't want to go around looking for a tight band, riders, and schedules. I don't want to be like the kids of pumping my soul like rock and roll. I'd like to do shows with live-classical musician accompaniment. I think there's a lot of things we'd like to do but right now we have to take things up by steps, put kind of balls in what we do now. I think that a time will come when this whole project will prove timeless.

"It'll be church in the woods is a miserable doing or suffering, but to be unable to do, to do might good never be too hard, but over to do it all and deliver, as being the contrary to his will where we resist." — Milton

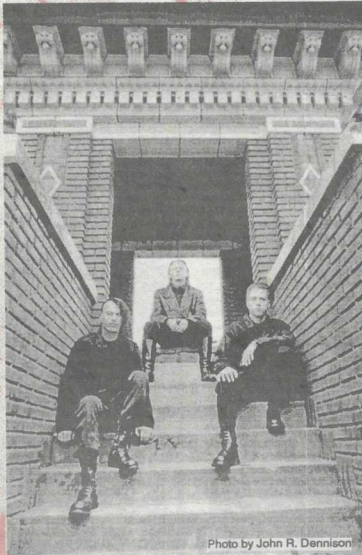


Photo by John R. Dennison

they've done from the beginning to now, and I feel it's okay to compare Will to Don Dokken and Laibach, which I feel we draw from the same well of influences and those two bands have achieved something that is an inspiration to us.

Two songs that stick in my mind are "Enslaved" from the first album, and "Souls of the Valiant" on this album which, as far as I'm concerned, is our best piece to date. Do you believe in power without words? **Chris:** Yeah, sometimes words aren't needed and we know it. So an instrumental happens because that's the way it was meant to be. "Souls of the Valiant" is particularly my favorite because it has such great

VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY TOM MILNE AND KIM KINAKIN

THE INTRODUCTION

Hey, I've said it too... "Discorder sucks," and then I learned that it's volunteer-run and anyone can volunteer so I quit complaining. Sure, it's a clique but so are you and your friends. And, yes, everyone's a critic but you can't just listen to what your friends say. Anyway, at least something is happening. On to the reviews.

THE REVIEWS

Q: Does every band in Vancouver have a name that starts with the letter 'S'?

A: It sure seems that way.

For example, **Stovebolt** play emotionally-heavy, angst-powered rock. Definitely unlike any other Vancouver band, they provide a much needed breath of fresh air for this stale scene (and they're cute too). Features ex-Sparkmarker bassist, Darren, and Dave, the singer who means it when he says "FUCK YOU."

Seed are Victoria/Vancouver transients from Onionhouse and a raging maniac of a drummer (you just have to see him) from back east. I hate to compare this band with anyone but they're sorta like Drive Like Jehu with more

pop and fizz. They have a demo released but it seems to be sold out 'cause can't seem to find it anywhere.

Sineater hail from Kamloops but they play here enough to be local—you might have seen them open for Drive Like Jehu a while back...maybe you didn't. They have that catchy, crunching, sing-a-long style rockin' punk ala Big Drill Car, Bad Religion, Down By Law. And they, unlike most Vancouver bands, have the punk initiative to tour outside of their city. Thumbs up.

Q: Are there any bands that don't start with the letter 'S'?

A: Yes, here are two:

Fuck Pavement, here's **Horsey!** Max, Mark and Ponyboy huddled around a 4-track for hours on end in their basement and created a tape that's 'pop-jerky, noise-happy and all-around musically delightful. Pick fave tune: "Settle down"

When listening to the **Red Sugar, Medicine**, CD, Neil Young instantly springs to mind. Guitar intensity and emotion weaving in and out of frustration, pain and happiness. Quite noticeably a product of much thought and time, check it out.

OPEN DOORS

Also, be sure to check out the **South Wall**, an all-ages collectively run coffee-house that puts on shows once a month. Located at the Lansdale Rec. Centre in North Van (where Fugazi played summer ago), the shows are \$4 and 80% of the door goes to the bands. A place definitely worth supporting, call Tricia for more info. at 980-8289.

I would also like to mention the existence of a new record store that very few people seem to have noticed, called **Blast Records**. Located just a hop and skip East of Seymour [330 w. Pender], Blast carries some great new and used records/CDs and hosts all-ages shows (benefits for the food bank or just free shows) on the odd occasion. Recently the Melvins played there as well as Facepuller, DSK, and Sparkmarker, so check it out and find out what you're missing

THE TAG

This column has been relatively swamped with demo tapes lately and, to be fair, I like to give each tape I review a fairly good listen so I'm a bit behind. But I'll get around to reviewing everything by next month. Really. The first demo is from a Swiss band called **Intoxicate**. The vocalist, Marcel, assures me that Intoxicate has been formed from the ashes of his old band, Dioxin, which means very little to me since I don't have a clue who Dioxin were (wasn't there a Vancouver band called Dioxin?). Intoxicate play mid-tempo to fast hard-core with metal overtones and semi-melodic vocals, although the singer's voice is a bit too flat and whiny to pull it off well. The lyrics consist of typically vague social commentary that is easy to agree with because it doesn't really say much: Nazi's are bad, nuclear war is bad, pollution is bad—maybe this is just a case of lyrics not translating very well into

English. The demo's called **Mushrooms of Fire** and you can reach the band at Intoxicate, c/o Fabiana Domering, Haldenweg 19, 7000 Chur, Switzerland.

It's good to see that that centre for decaying old people and satanic activity is still churning out bands on a regular basis, among them being the **Sour** tape from **King Salmon**. Along with **Hump** (who've just released a 7" on Scratch records), **King Salmon** carve out a groove of meanderings and distorted, screeching walls of noise that rock and make you cringe at the same time. Fans of noise damage from such bands as The Cows and The Bastards should find bliss in this trashy grunge with dopey lyrics. Write to: King Salmon, Box 40122, Harbour Square Postal Outlet, Victoria, B.C. V8W 3N3

From a completely different end of the musical spectrum comes **Second Guessing's** *Forgiveness is the fragrance of the violet on the heel of the shoe that crushed it*. It's sort of melo-low electro-pop with hypnotic overtones, not quite ambient but definitely soothing. With a little more polish they would almost remind me of Lush (sorry, no female vocals though). Send for the tape at: 3573 W 16th (Bsm), Vancouver, B.C., V6R 3C2

Either because my ranting in last month's column actually

worked, or because I've just been lucky, very few bands sent in extensive promo packages this time around. **The Pleasure Elite** *Candyass Goes Stompin'* tapes the excitement and received several pages explaining to me how great the band is. Their self-proclaimed "unconventional" musical style sounds more like Faith No More up the ass to me: complete with heavy riffing, technically varied song structures and a carbon copy vocalist. The music supposedly deals the themes of lust, alienation, and corruption but their treatment of said themes is so superficial and simple-minded it's obviously just some kind of an attempt to give themselves an "intense" image. I'm sure this band will impress anybody who's entire experience with underground music is based around Lollapalooza. Contact: c/o Soory Brickers, 2619 Western Ave., Seattle, WA, 98121

The Sister Lovers sound like a bunch of old high school buddies who got together doing tedious pop tunes. Albeit, it's not actually all that bad, just completely forgettable. Their *School Sux* tape is available from #102-1705, W. 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6Z 2A4. Not unlike the Sister Lovers, the **Lonesome Canadians** never Shindig and, although I never saw them, they produce a jangly guitar-pop

sound with a slight country twang on their *Yah!* (spanked) tape. The songs aren't fairly quirky and catchy but there's not much bite to them. Write them c/o Lionfish Management, Suite #40-1831 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C., V6G 1E4

Imagine whacked-out, raw sounding, 60's influenced folk-pop and you'll have some idea of what **Sick Sick Yeah!** *Inglorious Monum!* demo sounds like. It's too whiny for me to listen to more than a couple of times but you might want to check them out at 1254 E. 8th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6G 1E4

Mint recording artists **Windwalker** are back with an offering of four newly recorded songs. They're all well-crafted tunes that have enough rough and raw edges to display Windwalker's more rockin' side—with the slow build-up of "You Don't Want It" working particularly well. It won't really shake up anyone's world but you may want to check out the band by writing to the band at Windwalker c/o Mint Records, #699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5Z 4C9

Got a demo? Got any news? Let's make Vancouver a bit more user-friendly 'cause there's a lot of people but not much happening. Contact "Vancouver Special" c/o *Discorder*, address it specifically to either Kim or Tom if you wish. See, yal



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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

So I counted them up. One can now buy 7" records at SIX, count 'em, SIX local record stores: Track Records, Scratch Records, Zulu Records, South West Sounds (a new all local store in the Robson Market), Blast Records and, thanks to help employee Rob Sparkmarker, Sam's on Seymour! That's pretty damn good, so spread out and buy!

Start with Kreviss, why don't ya? One of two brand new local singles from Scratch, this is Kreviss' first single of their very own. "Unveiled," the A-side, is what I've been waiting for from this female [plus one male, Ed.] mega-group. A fuzzy, melodic plodder that is sung rather

beautifully, the bubble bursts back to Kreviss' normalcy on the shrill noise rock of the B-side's "You Think." Good single. Is that Lion's Bay on the cover?

Victoria's Hump, also on Scratch, is now infamous for their opening slot on the Worn gig wherein they caused the "Cruel Elephant Riot." No bloody wonder, this single is just annoying, noise ballshit! And I think it wrecked my turntable... (Scratch, 317A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N4)

And keeping up with the Maritimes rock explosion, another all-female band, Jale, have released their first single on Cinnamon Toast

Records of Nova Scotia. Unfortunately, as was the case with the Eric's Trip single, this suffers from real bad sound quality and the two songs on it almost had me moan'. The Cinnamon Toast catalogue describes them as a "wall of guitar grunge!" I think somebody should introduce these salty chicks to our own West Coast rockers Kreviss to find out what a "wall of guitar" really means. I will admit the B-side, "Sweetness," is much better, coming off like a teenaged Sonic Youth. Overall not that thrilling but worth it for the Canadians at least. (Cinnamon Toast, 2464 Robie St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3K 4N1)

From the increasingly busy En Guard Records of Montreal comes a 4-song EP from Crash 13. Another rough recording from the east, it's obvious that the singer is a Mark Arm disciple with all four songs coming off like a power-pop version



of Madhoney. The tunes are OK, but nothing really riveting or catchy. I think Crash 13 are missing the power in their power-pop. (En Guard, 1671 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ H2L 3Z1)

So what's the deal, I gotta cross the international date line to find some good music, or what? I guess so, cuz Japan's ultra-hot surf needs, Jackies and The Cedrics, rock! Four blatin', high end surfin' instrumentals in the fine tradition of America's own Phantom Surfers. Great packaging and hilarious photos make this a very fun and worthwhile purchase, indeed. (Rites, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, USA)



"MARY DOES NOT LIKE DORM FOOD"

© 1993 RITE 'N' TAP

They can surf in Lubbock as well, you know... The Nose Gremilins have proven that. A 6-song EP of fast, up-beat surf-punk in the writing style of the Ramones. With their strength resting in the 3 instrumentals, I think the Gremilins should stick to the non-vocal numbers for now. High points: "way rockin' drums. Low points: vocals. (Beakmo, P.O. Box 4424, Lubbock, Texas, 79409, USA)

One of my fave bands, The Moods, have a new single out on Germany's Screaming Apple and it's a great record. The songs "We Are Your Fear" b/w "Never Got Thru" are amazing, tight-rocketin' rave-up R'n'B ditties. "Never Got Thru" is classic boogie woogie a la good Yardbirds or Crawdaddies. Re-quired listening. (The Moods, 405 West Washington, #237, San Diego, CA, 92103, USA)

OK, now for some big name punk rock. How 'bout the new split single on Touch 'n' Go starring The Jesus Lizard and Nirvana? Can't get any bigger than that can you, little man? The Jesus Lizard song, "Puss," kicks some heavy ass with a brutal cyber-rock attack complete with grate-guitar, peaked vocals, and thro-bass complemented by excellent production. Very groovy. Nirvana's song "Oh, Guilt," is good but not as astounding as ALL of their past work. Cobain might have had a cold the day they re-

corded this. The Lizard triumph. (Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL, 60625, USA)

Jawbox equalize-head-bangin', angst-filled, short-haired, nose ag-punk! Great for parties! This DC sound reminds me of our own Sparkmarket! The A-side, "Jackpot Plus," is a hit! Good single, glad I own it! (Discord, 3819 Beecher St., NW, WDC, 8007-1803, USA)

The Legendary White Flag are joined on a new single by some of the members of the Muffs (who got signed to Warner Brothers!), whose beautiful voices make these two, already awesome, rock 'n' roll songs better. Talk about pop bliss, this is it! Lead singer Kim Shattuck is a '90's cross between Wanda Jackson and Blondie, except Kim writes even better songs. You gotta get this. (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

Garage punks, perk up, I got a bone for ya. It's a Canada vs. USA '77 featuring four groups from the international garage scene. From Canada: Kingston's The 14th Wray and Vancouver's The Worst; and from the USA: The Overcoat and The Falling Spikes. I've said it before and I'll say it again... The Overcoat SUCK! The Falling Spikes fare better, providing a crisp and fast surf instrumental that picks the Americans up from the dust... slightly. On the Canadian side The 14th Wray kick it off with a good original that could be taken off any '60's garage compilation: melodic psychedelico-punk with a great sounding organ. Vancouver's Worst contribute "Creepy Thing" (again). It rocks and has a great guitar solo but the song's already been released on a single earlier last year. Why in the hell would you release the same song twice? Anyhow, the Canucks win it. (Moxie Records, 2200 Orr Lane, Eugene, OR, 97405, USA)



Lucky Records of Seattle have three new ones out, the first being the long-awaited second single from Calgary's Huevos Rancheros. "Cindy With An 'S'" is the A-side and it is tris smokin' instrumental greatness. The B-side features two more instrumental covers: the slightly over-covered Lita. Why time "Brosed" and the Moxie Men's "Reptile." And expect big things from this Cowtown group as they just got signed to DC Records of Seattle [Hammerbox, Treepole et al]

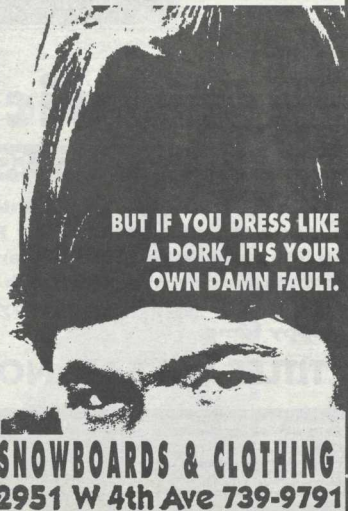
huevos rancheros



Lucky's next hit comes from the all-gig Japanese combo, Supernautz (now on Sub-Pop). Crazy garage rock and roll here; the A-side is a scorching original called "I Wanna Be Your Love" while the B-side holds another overdone cover of the Sonics' "Boss Hoss," and "The Witch." However, Supernautz add a hilarious new twist to "The Witch" by singing it in Japanese (the others are done in English, sorta), which makes up for the seemingly thousands of time I've heard this one covered.

Last from Lucky is Bum's fifth (!!!) single this year, and probably their best yet. I cannot get enough of this totally fantastic band and the catchy-as-ever, power-pop that has made Bum so famous. "At The Wall" is the amazing title song that makes me dance, sing and be happy. The B-side is equally superb with Bum covering the rock and roll gem "Pool Hall Richard," originally done by The Faces. PREDICTION: Bum will be signed to a major label by December 15, 1993... and I'm taking bets. See you next month. (Lucky Records, P.O. Box 4636, Seattle, WA, 98104, USA)

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school of fish

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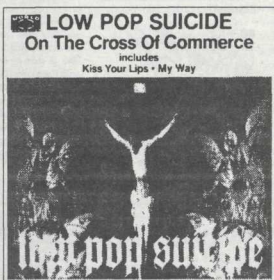
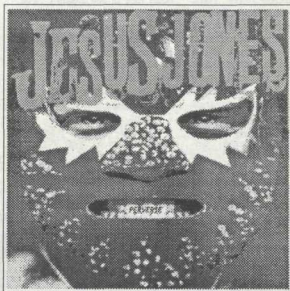
School of Fish's sophomore effort ranges from the non-sensible to the sublime, and the gamut from gutsy hard driving rock, to dynamic quirkiness and lilting mellow-ness. Produced by the band and Mat Wallace (Faith No More, Replacements).

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PERVERSE

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REAL LIVE ACTION

Ween
Hump
Cruel Elephant
Friday, February 15th
"But I thought they didn't play!"
Yeah, well you're wrong. It goes a little something like this...

Big. Only hit the stage first. Originally from Calgary, this now local trio opened with a blazing first three songs, one of which was rumored to be a Sixties and the Bananas cover. The crowd was into it, the band was into it, I was into it. Unfortunately, after this the band decided to steer into Red Hot Chili Peppers territory so I ducked downstairs to the bar to get a few gulps of my own.

Next up: Hump. This band sucks. I'm sorry, but if I had known that this little combo included a naked, 6 foot, 90 pound shadow-boxing lover, I would have either shown up late or stayed downstairs. As for during the tunes, the naked little guy was less annoying. From the looks on their faces the collection of Vancouver's finest law enforcers were equally impressed. To make a terribly long and boring set short, the geek decided to piss on the audience. Bad move. As the bouncers cleared the stage the cops decided to close the bar because the promoter (in a typical hunger for money and Bruce Allen disregard for patrons' manner) oversold the show, booked shit like Hump, and filled The Elephant way past capacity. Everyone had to leave, line up, and re-enter while the cops counted heads. Rock n' Roll preschool style.

By the time Ween climbed the sacred stage, only 80 of the original crowd of over 250 were present to witness these current college faves. And Dean and Gene Ween did not disappoint. Playing only 35 minutes, due to the massive delay, Ween made the most of the show rigging through "You Fucked Up" and "Don't Get 2 Close (2 My Fantasy)." "Bill Camino" and the classic "Pork Roll Egg And Cheese" had the crowd drooling with child-like acceptance. No T.I.ing it. But I recognize that Ween is a two-man project worthy of en-joyment, not idolatry. Whether

you like them or not they're making a lot of noise. And if you are one of the 170 or so who went home before Ween hit the stage, my main man Genar sums it up best: "you fucked up...you really fucked up!"
Justin Luke

Consolidated
New Fast Automatic Daffodils
Graceland

Thursday, February 11th
Consolidated came full-on like Donkey Kong, kiddin' rhymes as a comment on the times where government lies and we let be pervaded by the inactions of the masses. Graceland was damn near full when they launched the onslaught with "Tool and Die" from their *Play More Music* CD and the crowd immediately started to groove—whether or not they listened to the words could be debated. Consolidated seemed to be more entertaining with their messages than they were last time, possibly a result of them getting tired of the non-stop assault-type thing they have been doing. I don't know. It was, however, much more refreshing to see a full set of points

put forth with dynamics rather than the usual high-powered assault.

There were more guitars in the mix this time, with some songs done in the standard punk trio setup, this was also a welcome change from the last show. Consolidated also laughed a bit, parodying techno and Jello Biafra (Sherbourne does a great Jello). Most of the set was from the new CD but they threw in some older stuff like "Unity of Oppression" and "Friendly Fascism." It was a very live show.

Natch, afterwards there was the standard talk session which spotlighted some left-wingers jamming their feet in their mouths promoting violence and stifling of free speech in reference to the anti-racism rally and subsequent brouhaha. Questions to be asked: What would the crowd have done to the kids if they got to them, and by harming them, would the crowd have been any better than the kids? Some people noted this as well as the fact that one of the annoying things about free speech is you have to let the people you hate speak, if you want to speak totally freely. If you're about preventing opposing viewpoints you're no better than a Neo-Nazi or a fascist. There was also support for animal rights in the discussion and the lifeforce display near the entrance.

The New Fast Automatic Daffodils were mighty good, too, what with their brand of Manchester-type groove. They managed to get dissed in the discussion, where the band was faulted for the unfortunate tragedy of possessing peenies. Gee, now I feel bad for owning one!

Melo

The Melvins
Superconductor
Town Pump

Tuesday, February 16th
So...there we are, right. And she says, "Got a ticket to see the Melvins tonight. Wanna come?" So I says, "Melvins? Sure, what the fuck." And I'm thinking, "With a name like The Melvins they should be pretty cool, pretty smash, pretty boom, pretty wicked, or whatever, Right?"

Nah. Shitty drum band, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom ba-da boom, boo-ooo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo. The drummer has enough time between beats to haul back and smash the fucking things like they're rabid dogs going for their throat or some shit. Yep. You get the picture.

Superconductor puts

on a good show but we got there pretty late and only caught the tail-end. Instead we sit there nursing the tenth or twelfth beer thinkin', "Fuckin' hell," boom, boom, boom, boom, ba-da boom, BOOM, "Let's get the fuck outta here. These guys," ba-da boom, ba-da, ba-da, ba-da, boom, boom, BOOOOOOM, "SUUCK."

Next time Superconductor is around, drop in and see them.

Guinness boyz

Superconductor

Uncle Tupelo
Freddy Johnston

The Cruel Elephant
Thursday, February 18th
Ever since first hearing *No Depression* about two years ago, I have been looking forward to seeing Uncle Tupelo live. Even the thought of being hassled by Meat-Boy at the door of the Elephant wouldn't keep me away from this gig.

I arrived in time to catch about half of Freddy Johnston's set, a collection of listenable roots-rock tunes. Freddy himself was a fairly down-to-earth friendly guy, and with a stock "rock band" backing him up, he sounded similar to John Hiatt. As one might expect, Alex Varty was soaking up the action close to the stage, which isn't surprising since the *Straight* had raved about Johnston's album for the past two weeks.

I have always found listening to Uncle Tupelo to be a personal and introspective experience rather than one that would translate well into the atmosphere of a nightclub, even though the band can unquestionably play loud and hard. The crowd seemed content to be enthusiastic spectators instead of obnoxious co-participants in the evening, and this seemed to suit the band fine. Several songs of their all-acoustic CD, *March 16-20, 1992*, were rearranged with the full band or guitars by Farrar on solo electric. It was these quieter moments where Uncle Tupelo shined, as the lyrical content of Midwestern despair, that Jay and co-lyricist Jeff Tweedy specialize in, took precedence over the music, especially in "Moonshine."

"If the whole world is a bottle and life is but a dram/then the bottle when it's empty/it sure ain't worth a damn".

Rory Talt

Elvis Love Child
Atomic 61
Planet of Spiders
Cruel Elephant
Friday, February 19th
Last December I had the pleasure of seeing Steelpole Bathub with Atomic 61 and Pignem Vehicle. I am positive that if Atomic 61 had'n't missed their ferry and been able to play a full set, they would have stolen the show. Well, the bash quartet from Portland/Seattle did steal the show this time with yet

Carol Popkin

another ridiculously short set.

Planet of Spiders opened the evening with their tight pop sound; catchy songs with a few surprises here and there. Sick Sick Yeah also showed up, prepared to fill in for the border-maggot 61s, and picked up where the Spiders stopped. I'm not even going to attempt to use the word "fusion" here because having polka, "Louie Louie," The Irish Rovers and Lemmy Kravitz in the same sentence is surely breaking some code of ethics. It shouldn't, however, scare ya away. Just to see a mandolin played through a wah pedal is worth the admission price. Whatever happened to long-haired weirdos?

The first two bands did very little to prepare anyone for the onslaught of Atomic 61. Their sound is unmistakable from their "Rip?" or *Heartworm* release but it is much improved. Bigger, badder and darker than ever, they make the heralded Seattle scene look like a bowl of lukewarm rice pudding. More distortion, together with brilliant new members on bass and drums will make anybody wonder why these guys didn't headline the show. I have a feeling Elvis Love Child felt the same way. Elvis Love Child's stage show is hilarious with some wonderfully entertaining video footage. Send these guys some money so the bass player can get a real strap (unless you enjoy seeing a bass player lying on the ground). Elvis Love Child seems more like a project than just a band. Definitely an evolution worth watching. Groovy, heavy and highly compatible with that little-known band from Washington with short 20 minutes sets.

Let's get one thing straight—concert promoters listen up! Should you ever decide to host Atomic 61 anywhere in this

city let them headline. That way somebody will be able to see for themselves why A61 will soon be appearing on English and Australian compilations; their new album, *Traze*, will hit in May. If you missed them this time, that's okay, some people blunked almost doing the same. I won't give Atomic 61 the Crisis of Death award, meaning they probably won't be next in a string of northwest sensations. That's perfect.

They are, after all, a most uncommon element.
Kevin Fraser

Perfume Tree
Sandra Lockwood
Performance
Works
Saturday, February 20th

Zulu recording artists, Perfume Tree performed to a crowded house, and when I eventually found this crowded house it was just after

Sandra Lockwood had left the stage. So I asked, how was it? Was it good for you? The consensus seemed to be that it was heavy, styling depressant music.

Perfume Tree had done a great job of transforming Performance Works' big rooms into a multi-layered, textured backdrop for their encompassing sound using cloth hangings, "ambient video" by Truth Channel and one whopping, weird slide show by Kathryn, creating what came close to being a total musical experience. Jane Tilley's ethereal vocals, Pete Lutwyche's driving noise-guitar and Adam Sloan's steady dub-bass combined in a complex musical tapestry. Their new drummer worked well, bringing that "live" element that Perfume Tree lacked before their tour, even boldly going into a strange solo along with the drum machine. While most of the crowd just stood and watched, many got busy, twisting and turning, burning stomach-churning.

The show concluded around 2:30 a.m. with the crowd kinds straggling away, reluctant to leave; the sound, the visuals, the smoke effects...pretty damn good, hey? Yet, I feel that the people in Perfume Tree are more musicians than performers: they're into their sounds, their ambience, their thing, more than they're into putting their egos up front. The degree of professionalism in the set-up and the slick visuals and effects impressed me; the ideas are there and they're swift, essential ideas. I look forward to their new disc, more live, more connected, less abstract...happening.

Stone Women

Consolidated

Kal Korinth

JANUARY

CELL Solo-Bio

(Estate/Peace/DGC)

This is a Hoboken, NJ band and hoo boy, you sure can tell they're from the east coast! They felch from the best that side of the planet; I heard influences (or rip-offs, depending how you look at it) of Dinosaurs Jr., Television, Buffalo Tom, Sonic Youth, and a host of other bands from within the Manhattan NYC. Once you get used to the very regional sound it's not a bad album. The songs all tread the dangerous waters of crossover territory, and there is an annoying smattering of seventies prog-rock.

The disc packs no serious punches, but it's a good enough listen. This band could be one of those bands that will either crossover right away, like Pearl Jam, and immediately get hated by the oh-so-fickle alternative crowd, or they might hit it big after a few albums, THEN get hated by the oh-so-fickle alternative crowd (like Soul Asylum or the Lemonheads). This is the first

release on Thurston Moore's big new label. Let's hope he can look a little further than the northeast for acts, otherwise it could be pigeonholed as the pals-of-Thurston label.

Moto

DINOSAUR JR.
Where You Been
(WEA/Bianco y Negra)

MYSTERY MACHINE
Glazed
(Nettwerk)

The only difference between *Where You Been* and *Glazed* is that Dinosaurs Jr., after a decade of somewhat benchmark releases, has NO excuse for putting out naive, self-indulgent, guitar-rock-star ballads like this.

Paul T. Brooks

ELVIS COSTELLO & BRODYSKY QUARTET
The Juliet Letters
(Warner)

I think there is nothing more boring

than a string quartet (even Kronos Quartet, which I like). The only thing more boring than that is an Elvis Costello album with more than one ballad on it. There should be a law restricting Elvis to one ballad per LP. *The Juliet Letters* combines both, so you'd probably be able to figure out what I think of it.

They started out with a reasonably cool idea: seas of helicopter romantic writing letters to Juliet (as in Romeo and Capulet in Verona, bearing their soul baggage to an imaginary person, seems to be the sort of hopeless, desperate act that would interest Elvis C. But I think it would be master to use the actual letters that he wrote songs based on the concept. Working with the string quartet has obviously helped him expand himself musically, but to tell you the truth, I really couldn't give a damn.

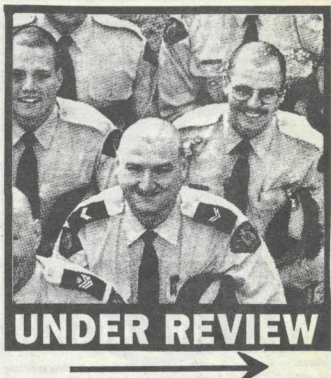
The EC fans probably think I'm being a dick by saying, as do the classical fans, and you folks might get a real charge out of this. Frankly, it is fine music for doing the nasty, reading, or curing insomnia, to just

think it's the king of self-indulgent thing some lunhead like Sting would do.

Moto

VARIOUS ARTISTS
A sides: A Compilation From Singles Released by Grass Records
(Grass)

Crass Records founder Penny Rimbaud writes in the liner notes that "this compilation should finally bury the stupid myth that punk was a mindless aberration on the face of pop music." Furthermore, writes Rimbaud: "These tracks represent a period when the 'music business' lost their grip, a period when the people took back what was rightly theirs..." Well, I don't know if this disc will change the opinions of any of punk's detractors, the music contained here is relevant to the already converted, but the period of time these acts are called from ('79 to '82) definitely was a time when the "fuck em" attitude reigned supreme. Anything was possible and some damn exciting sounds were



UNDER REVIEW

MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

One of the best things about having this silly little column is the total freedom to go off the subject and encounter totally stupid acts. Consider this: a while ago, I put out this goofy little column as a whim. Well, I got a pile of responses, which is more than terrific. The source of my bad came when I went to mail out said tapes. The package was a hair thicker than the 2 cm thickness I had, one of the Posties, and, therefore I had to pay parent postage. "Flee and abandon," I say, "what's the deal?"

"\$2.50 plus tax," said he.
\$3.00! Just to send a little cassette to New West? I have personally sent tapes, in the past, across the country for a mere eighty-five cents! They had no problem getting where they were supposed to go. Go figure.

So I said fuck that and dropped them off myself. But there were tapes that needed to be sent out there, so I sent them. Here's the kicker: there were two tapes that had to go to the States, and anticipating astronomical postage rates, I was forced to deal with humans again. Imagine my surprise to find out that cost me \$2.50 to send said tape to New York City!! "What give?" I said, wondering why it cost less to send it Big Apple than twenty bucks here.

"It just is," said she.
I then called the post office to find out what the deal was. I found that the reason for the difference was that Canada Post, a monopoly, was not enlightened enough to have a "package" class for mail; a look at the postal requirements reveals a large grey area precisely where a simple cassette in a simple mailer fits.

Needless to say, I'm pissed. Not only with the above foreshad, but with subsequent calls to postal stations and outlets which gave me figures ranging from \$2.20 to \$5.50 for the New York package. I also found out that sending the tape to New Westminster would take seven days!!

So, in a totally irresponsible act of vindictiveness, I encourage you to take an envelope, a stamp, and a piece of mail (I suggest one of the cats bitches lovingly referred to as "vanity masts." You know, kidney, liver, etc.). Slice said mail thin (so that the entire package is below that over precious 2 cm thickness) and send it to an address you know doesn't exist, or, better yet, the minister in charge of Canada Post. That way you don't even have to use a stamp.

By the time the letter circulates through the system it should have been great risk going on. Well, a minute, don't. That would seem childish and petty and I'm above founding systemic sabotage, even LP Right.

But anyway...
The letters kept rolling in! Greetings to Peter Hopper in Springfield-Victoria! Also get an interesting snippet from Ethan Minowitz in Van. Ethan writes:

Dear Mofe (that's how I know you): As a CTR reviewer (news department, 1980-85), I've been meaning to get in touch with the station for a long time, and your columns of January and February finally persuaded me to write. I've been hooked in 85 as far as I can get my *Psychosonic Pamphlet* (yep, we now junkies like music, too).

So which show (if any) do you play your "psychosonic pix" on? I'd sure like to hear them if I have the chance.

A few words about the dance I collected: Yes, I have the Disco Record, too—always did like "When Rabbas Skins Are Falling" but I might be interested in some others. It is okay to send tapes of the vinyl with a photocopy of the label! I'd like to see the originals.

One of my faves is in Lure Love with John Travolta by Sandra, a Dutch group that tries to imitate Abba. It came out on 45 with the lyrics "In my dreams he calls me baby! He calls me honey and a daisy." Another is, like your *Capital Programming Aid*, a DJ disc—only released by the US. Air Force. One side's lame pop (Robert Gould, Bob Newhart), while the other is what passed for mod with the Air Force (Oliver, The Association). You have a snippet from the beginning and another from the end, with scintillating the filling: an attempt to get up in the air (no mention of killing or being killed in Vietnam).

Also, post importance and value—what's more, it's CarCen—is a 7 1/2 of Wayne, of Shuster, doing snappy routines for Galt service stations (now Penn-CarCen). This one dates from 1969, with a bonus FULL-LENGTH version of the "Gull's In-Hoping" radio-TV jingle. Something along this line is a 45 by Michael Ayres and his Orchestra for Number 1 cigarettes, with both sides offering the (pre-Sears-General) Number 7 theme, "Who Cares."

Speaking of themes, Dr. Ballard put

out a 45 some years ago, with the Herman Apple Quintet providing "Variations on the Ballad Beat" (actually, "Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?"). Among the verses are cha-cha, fox trot and (oh, boy) rock and roll! And Goodbye! There's also the Debutante, G4 of Three) once played my 45 of "Trial, B.C." on air. Unfortunately, every 30 seconds, the song plugged "Radio Station CJAT." Guess who issued it?

Last but not least, there's the 1965 RCA Victor LP "Moby, Camp Sing!" Apparently, Camp belated from Montreal and decided to use Allan Sherman by giving pop students a Jewish flavor. Indeed, the kept the words and track titles faithful according to "Yiddishkeit." The prices vary but there are lots of deals to be found. The last four records of the "Pishpis" I was lucky enough to get there. Without further ado...

Anyhow, hope your tape is still available, and please let me know if you do on psychosonic. I'd be glad to spread my cheese around!

Sincerely,
Ethan Minowitz
Vancouver, B.C.

P.S. I co-host a show on CTRFO-Pa, "Anology of Jewish Music," where from 9 to 10 a.m. Sundays, you can hear the occasional slice of kosher cheese (such as "Nose Juice," by DeWolfe, or "Matzah Mac," by the Yiddish People).

Well, Ethan, thanks for putting in the effort (and the time); I force a tape in your near future! I currently do not have a show BUT an seriously considering it due to the response. The masses will be informed when the beginning and another from the end, with scintillating the filling: an attempt to get up in the air (no mention of killing or being killed in Vietnam).

All you other sick little number-keepers can write me, and/or send tapes/ mailbox to:

Hey, Mofe
C/O Discard
#233-6138 Sub Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Get a whole pile of grist stuff this month, most of which I get at this ridiculously cool shop on Kingsway: Collectors Books and Records (648 Kingsway) has roughly 15,000 records, usually. Naturally, there are 15 copies of *Parade of Pleasures* M.C. 'ah, but, but they also have tons, and I mean TONS, of weird records!!!! They also have 45's, old magazines, comic, and one small set including six books of marching band LPs. The prices vary but there are lots of deals to be found. The last four records of the "Pishpis" I was lucky enough to get there. Without further ado...

Dracula Discs—Gerry Bribben (Polydor)
Another one of these incredibly original idea like *Frankenstein*, *Sereni*, and, well, *Huamand Gander*. This is string disco at its worst. What music of the night these children make, I fully believe our Production Manager, Deborah, Bologhino-Pire, for doing this one. Thanks!
Cheerability rating: 88

The Real Comedy Of...—Skip Stephenson (Laf)

Some of you older folks might remember Skip from *Real People*, the member of all

average-folk-doing-weird-things-or-with-weird-deformities type shows. Rumor has it he's a comedian, so, of course, he capitalizes on the show by putting out this (much like Eric Burdon did with his novel, *Murder At The Super Bowl*, I own a copy). This is a very safe, room 'n' pop, cheerball comedy where text is described as "doing it," so you know you've got a grade A piece of crap here. This is only for the hardcore aficionados of Skip and the *Real People* mythos.

Cheerability rating: 45 (edith kom)

How To Plan The Perfect Dinner Party—Gaynor and Dorothy Maddox (Carlin)

This is the third "How To Plan" LP I own, put out by Carlin in the late '80s. Gaynor, a hereditary gourmet and contributor to *Reader's Digest*, and his wife, Dorothy, "The Perpetual Hostess" (who perpetually mentions her femininity through the LP), trade quips and retorts as they tell you how to throw a soiree, complete with recipes. Gaynor, author of *The Safe and Sure Way to Reduce*, details recipes that would make any average cocktail connoisseur less than a pound and a half of better; used in five increments! Animals rights people will fret to the veal dishes and potato balls (those poor potatoes!). Contrary to popular rumor, Carlin is NOT referring the series to forget about seeing *How To Start Your Lunch Chapter of the Crisis or How to Plan the Perfect Dinner Party* (with Jack Kevekin) on the shelves.

Cheerability rating: 100 (I'll pay CASH for other titles in the series, folks)

Great Adventures—Barretta (Woodland)
You can almost smell the excitement at the hijinx of Detective Barretta too much to tell.

Aspartame!

And that wraps up another month's goodies. Keep those liners coming, and look out for *Psychosonic Pamphlet* Vol. 2, out next month!! Don't forget to send me your tapes!

Next Month: TELLY!!!!!!!

mention the lack of tackling both dimensions of Barretta! And even though Robert Blake's pious is all over the cover he is not on the LP! I guess the label thought his guy might alone would sell this turkey. Cool ad inside for in-mo transfers of Bionic Women and Donny and Marie.

Cheerability rating: 75

Dooney Mott (United Artist)

It's Mott, to say the least!! Ralph from *Happy Days* (as the sticker on the sleeve proudly attests) literally grows through ten titles written, (mercifully) not by him, although Barry Manilow and Alan O'Day ("Undercover Angel") wrote a couple. Unlike other celebrity LPs his vocals aren't covered by piles of backups; for most songs, Mott stands alone. "Rock Is Dead!" will probably be on the next *Pamphlet*. This would've made "The Pick." If it wasn't for...

Cheerability rating: 95

Three Psychosonic Pick O' The Month!!!!!!!

Hi Guys—Ted Knight (Quality)

Yoo!!! I flipped when I saw this one!! Ted, in total Ted Bawter (*Mary Tyler Moore Show*) mode, supported by backup vocals stylings of the Poops, pulls off the best celebrity album I've heard since *The Old Couple Sings*! He knows he can't live to save his life so he hams up each and every tune, including "I'm In Love With Barbara Walters," "Mile Chastain Girl," "Hi Guys," and ten other songs. You can tell he had a ball doing this. The only thing about this is it he doesn't get a ting all of "Cover Of The Rolling Stones," all he gets to do is the chorus and some yapping. As added bonus: some other than David Foster appears on keyboards (must have been lean times for Dave). A "Psychosonic" classic!

Cheerability rating: Off The Scale!

And that wraps up another month's goodies. Keep those liners coming, and look out for *Psychosonic Pamphlet* Vol. 2, out next month!! Don't forget to send me your tapes!

Next Month: TELLY!!!!!!!

produced.

Supposedly anarchist in their ideology, the artists featured here are uncompromising and aggressive, lyrically and musically. Witness Anxiety's "Battered Wire Halo" cut-up Burroughesque sampling, very Nurse With Wound-like, really. This compilation is full of great musical ideas. There is a classic Conflict by Conflict, "This side, that side. That side, this side. What side? any side....", and plenty more of kinds of Honey Bane, Zomdis, Poison Girls, Dirt and numerous other uncommercial artists who probably wouldn't have had the chance to record if it wasn't for the open-mindedness of labels like CRASS.

The music on *A Sides* may be ten or more years old, the concept of a "best of" collection may be questionable coming from a label like CRASS, but as long as we hear music by corporations like Sony, and as long as what we feel the need to wear glossy over-sized (very wasteful kids) clothes just to feel secure among our peers, then the message here is totally relevant and necessary. "There is no authority but yourself."

Norm van Rassel

Therapy? Nurse (A&M)

From Dublin comes Therapy?, a band whose sound more resembles American heavy noise, guitars 'n' sample bands, and UK bands like Fatima Manions, than most of the crappiest acts coming out of Ireland today. The music hits you like a kick, a raw, slab of best, we're metasty through the ten songs. The music has a good indication of what's in store: "Teethgrinder," "Accoutments," "Terroranalysis," and "Hypemania," to name a few. Actually, any band searching for a good name could use any of the song titles on *Nurse*.

The music stands up to multiple listenings well. I must have heard it eight or nine times now and it still sounds new. The high energy level of this disc leaves you hunting for yer Ritalin every time. Production is top-notch, and they manage to avoid the Ministry-type distorto-voices that are way too cliché these days.

Molo

GAS HUFFER Integrity, Technology, and Service (eMpTy)

With the follow-up LP to Gas Huffer's debut eMpTy hi, *Janitors of Tomorrow*, these thirteen runaway-train garage-rock stomps in that buzz-jungle rhythm Gas Huffer may be a trademark. If ya buy the vinyl ya get a hilarious comic book with four members of the 'Huff, and the fine cover concept is equally impressive. It's "Do The Bitch" and "Sand Fleas" (even if the latter does sound a little like Girl Trouble doing "Viva Las Vegas"). Uncle Grant Lawrence

VERVE
The Verve E.P.
(Vernon Jay Recordings)
With a name like Verve (sounds like Curve), these four individuals from England could only have emerged in 1992. The overall sound of this

EP—which is exclusively released for North American consumption—is a bit like an extremely toned-down, slower, mellow version of My Bloody Valentine. The EP, however, has a promising start with "Gravity Graved." The vocals are nicely woven into the guitar licks, creating a surreal-like effect and a damn catchy chorus only strengthens the overall impact on the listener.

Unfortunately, the remaining four tracks fall miserably in trying to achieve the same sort of effect. "She's A Superstar" sounds straight out of a playlist from one of those "up to date" fossil-rock radio stations, whilst "Endless Life" does nothing at all.

I suppose the ten minute "Feel" best summarizes most of the EP: a set of mellow, if not completely boring, guitar riffs and vocals going nowhere. At the end of this ten minute song I was thanking my lucky stars that this was just an EP and not a full length album!

The Groove Kisser

VARIOUS ARTISTS Hodge Podge Barrage (1+2 Records)

So I'm stuck in a pogoda with Tricia Toyota listening to this crazy compilation of some of the finest Japanese garage combos to invade our shores since Gambia. But not to be outdone are the cream of the crop of state-side talent also. Going through the American continent first, some of the bands appearing here stuff that you can find elsewhere (e.g. Stumpy Joe, Girl Trouble, Pastbacks, Devil Dogs and Young Fresh Fellows) but there are exceptions, good and bad. The band Dog, from Chicago, open up with a blistering guitar attack called "American Dream," the Mono Men offer a forgettable version of the 13th Floor Elevators "You're Gonna Miss Me," Jeff Dahl gives us the classic Dead Boy's "Generation Nation," and Marble Orchard an ode to the Chesterfield Kings just plain suck, but luckily the Raunch Hands do "Mess Around" and everybody's happy again.

"Train Done Gone," the 5.6.7.8's chum out Ralph Nidmoo(sic) and the Chancellors "Scream" and Fifth and the Mach III turn "I Wanna Be Sedated" into "I Wanna Kiss." Wait, it's not over yet. The Cop-A-Sit Grinders fall "In And Out Of Grace" (yes, Muthooney) and the American Soil Spiders turn out the surprisingly weakest out, their rendition of the Beach Boys "Surfer's Rule," but the Sleaz Sisters make up for it with "Bubble Bomb," complete with "78 style guitar chugs."

However, the highlight of this comp has to be the surf-stomping, Morricone-wielding trio known as Jackie and the Codices who benefit with two cuts here. The incredible "Dick Dale Medley" and "Banana Diamond Heat" are simply amazing! Phantom Surfers watch out, these cats are smokin'! All in all, a quality release from an up and coming Japanese label whose address I'd give you but it's just too damn long to write out.

Bryce Dunn

YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS It's Low Beat Time (Frontier/BMG)

Does anybody remember the Young Fresh Fellows? Does anyone recall that they too are from Seattle? Does anyone remember their past SEVEN albums of pure rock 'n' roll genius? Yes, it's *It's Low Beat Time* is their eighth release (not counting several mini-LPs and "hits" compilations) and it is an extremely bizarre, rather epic journey of a record. With 16 songs in all, it spans musical horizons from jazz, psychedelia, poprock, southern-style funk-spiced soul/blues, right through straight-out, gutted rock and roll.

MUSIC FANS ALERT: It's all there on the *Low Beat*. The record is evenly split with side one offering the thought-provoking, the ironic and ridiculous, while side two offers the care-free, feel-good, zippadoosha sound. *It's Low Beat Time* also contains what is probably the greatest collaboration I have EVER heard put to vinyl! The Young Fresh Fellows covering the classic "Green Green" with 75 year old blues master

R u f a Thomas singing! It's incredible! My spine tingled so badly it hurt. Get this album for an immaculate, a s o l u t e, p e r f e c t gig a milestone in rock and roll action. Plus, it's hard to find. Here's the address: Frontier, P.O. Box 22, Sun Valley, CA, 91351-0022, USA

Grant Lawrence

L.S. UNDERGROUND The Grape Prophet (Blonde Vinyl)

"Ellis was an orange picker in the groves of Southern California. He was the overseer of all the hired hands at Colonel Peckham's orange grove. All was well until one day a note was handed to Ellis instructing

him that all the hired hands had left for the grapes up north to heed the call of the Grape Prophet. Under the Colonels orders, Ellis left the orchard to find out more about this Grape Prophet and hopefully return home with his fellow workers before the orange crop was spoiled."

Probably unfamiliar to most, L.S. Underground is the musical voice of Mr. Mike Knott (who some have called a musical genius but I prefer to call him "Pope"). *Grape Prophet* is LSU's fourth release and Mr. Knott ninth, if you include all his previous incarnations. LSU/Knott infectious noise disc is nowhere more apparent than on this, arguably their best release to date. Those familiar with the Knott okays may be able to pick up the underlining storyline played throughout the album, those unfamiliar will be left in a dizzied display of rapturous distasteful noise....although I'm sure you'll enjoy the journey.

The Reverend Norman

INTERMIX Phase Two (Third Mind/Relativity)

Techno is the Sound of industrial dance music. I mean, they call Spinn meatball precisely little of it is actually meat (that jelly stuff ain't it). Rhythms Fulber and Bill Leach (who use a whole bunch of good band names by putting out records as Delerium, Noise Unit, F.L.A., etc.) give us their second little take on techno with *Phase Two*. It's alright, but you can't get into a full LP of it, however by using a whole lot of neat noises and more than two notes it puts them miles ahead of jokers like U96, 1993, and Quadecade.

Phase Two is more of the same stuff Fulber and Leach have done before, but even when they are slumming, Intermix is still better than the average percent of the techno crop. Check out "Get Religion," "Funky Hell," and "Monument," especially.

Molo

DIATRIBE Nothing (Re-Constriction)

According to Webster, diatribe is a continuous argument. What has that got to do with this really cool EP? Fuck, nothing. Although two of the four tracks are produced by Lea Pupa and Nivok Orge, the ones not produced by them are "The Other Side" is one for the record with a sound a la Revolving Cops, Henry Rollins, and the Young Gods (even though I've used that allusion a lot). The tunes are harsh, yet a subversive quality to them. They could be harder, however, Diatribe sound like they're holding back an aggressive malice underneath the surface. They're ready to explode.

It's nice to know that San Jose can pump out a good industrial band and not just Calixto, chlorophylladen carbon copies of Red Hot Urban Dance Tendencies, Lead singer Marc Jay's voice is raw, gritty and undistorted...I think, while the bass guitar lays on pretty thick, yet works well. I'd love to see Diatribe if they came to town, of course the way this town's been going, the venue's probably going to burn down, or something like that, before they get here. (Remember: KMFD and Fipage everybody?)

Trip

GOOD BOY PRODUCTIONS the cruel elephant

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THIS IS HERE TO NOTIFY TO SATAN AND THE CONCERT-GOING PUBLIC THAT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT AS WE KNOW, IS CHANGING YET AGAIN. And we are accepting this change with open arms and hearts, sharing the forces of evil, as nothing of good or man's creation can come in the way of the cruel elephant. Amen. Blessed be the followers of music and partakers of all that is good and right, as your patience and devotion has not been served in vain. LOCATIONS OF SHOWS WILL VARY FROM VENUE TO VENUE! No longer will only the aged few be allowed to witness the joys of a cruel elephant event as we will again be providing ALL AGES shows at all should be. Amen. Also, as age and experience does have its rewards, we will be providing the public with licensed vendors, in order to experience the serenity of "the great evil." And the cruel elephant's reputation of bringing the best in local and international "attentive" bands will live on, as this is not an end but a new beginning. hallelujah! Join hands, brothers and sisters, and rejoice for this is the Easter of our time. Now it is assured the cruel elephant will live on and *Infinitum* Road, so you will not weep... **tuesday** march 9 and every **tuesday** (that's once a week, my children) of the **FABULOUS COMMODORE** we can all pay homage to the spun of punk rock, that's right, **DISCO** with **RUMPLESTEELSKIN** live and two 24-foot video screens showing some of the best visuals that the 70's had to offer, drink specials galore, and the traditionally cheap cover. Oh, the cruel elephant loves you so much sisters and brothers amen and hallelujah! Friday march 12 lunch and go dancing artists from **DISCOGARS** with dischord recording artists from **WASHINGTON DC JAWBOX** with vancouver's **SPARKMARKER**. This is an **ALL AGES** show at the **STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE** (930 Station St., behind the old American Hotel on Main St.) Doors at 6:30. Show at 7:30. Advance fix at usual outlets. A Good Boy/Timbre Production. **saturday** march 13 the funk/disco takeover of the world continues with **RUMPLESTEELSKIN** and **OMNIBOL**. This will be a licensed show at the **STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE**. 930 Station St. Doors at 9pm. show at 10. **wednesday** march 17 recording artists **THE DEVIL** DUCKS with poplarna recording artists from vancouver. **the SMUGGLERS** with hardwired recording artists from west vancouver, in a rare live appearance. **the EVAPORATORS** with **THE GOBLINS** and the legendary **JIFF**. This show will be **ALL AGES** at the **HAPPY DUGOUT** (Across the street from Luvafit, alley entrance) doors at 7pm. show at 7:30 advance fix at the usual outlets. **saturday** march 20 zulu recording artists from vancouver in a CD release for their full-length album **Magnum Aperture JUNG** "pretty amazing shit here, great in a demerfed way!" **MRS Lung** are a seething vat of guitar meltdown! - Sun w/ **TOLTY CRACKER** w/ **PLANET OF SPIDERS** w/ **TIM RACINE** and special guests at the **STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE** (930 Station St., behind the old American Hotel on Main St.) **licensed**. Doors at 9pm. advance fix at usual outlets. **saturday** march 27 9pm recording artists **JACK FEELS FINE** with very special guests at the **STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE** (930 Station St.) doors at 9:30. show at 10. this is the vision of the future, dry your eyes now people, as we all feel this great release. When you open your heart, you find someone that the flow of love that comes in to fill the void that used to be your soul, to be so quickly brought back to life can be overwhelming. Just rest and relax as you are in good hands, all is well, Amen. But let it also be known that the good people at **GOOD BOY PRODUCTIONS** are still the only way to get into contact with the cruel elephant (604) 254-3344 for a fascinating recorded message that will answer any questions you may have. Blessed be sisters and brothers, for the cruel elephant loves you more than you could ever know, no matter how stupid you are. Love. Peace. Live Music.

#4-302 West Second Avenue
Vancouver, BC V6Y 1C8
Phone 254-3344 • Fax 254-7239



CHARTS

MARCH 93 LONG GROOVES 50

1 WEEN	PURE GUAVA	ELEKTRA
2 SLOAN	SMOORED	DGC
3 KING MISSILE	HAPPY HOUR	ATLANTIC
4 MUDHONEY	4 SONG EP	REPRISE
5 LUNG	MAGNUM OPATE	ZU ZU
6 POOH STICKS	MILLION SELLER	ZOO
7 CHA PET	3 SONG EP	KOKOPOP
8 MYSTERY MACHINE	GLAZED	NETTWERK
9 RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE	EPIC
10 THE FALLOUTS	THE FALLOUTS	SUPERELECTRO
11 GUMBALL	WISCONSIN HAYRIDE	COLUMBIA
12 ICE CUBE	THE PREDATOR	PRIORITY
13 LUNACHICKS	BINGE AND PURGE	SAFE HOUSE
14 BELLY	STARS	S I R E
15 BONEJULY	BEAUTIFUL	IMAGO
16 DOGBOWL	FLAN	CARGO
17 FLIPPER	AMERICAN GRATISHY	DEF AMERICAN
18 JACOB'S MOUSE	NO FISH STOP PARKING	FRONTIER
19 RIPCORNZ	THERE AIN'T NO H...	EN GUARD
20 COME	ELEVEN ELEVEN	MATADOR
21 SKATENIGS	STUPID PEOPLE SHOULD...	MEGAFORCE
22 VARIOUS ARTISTS	HUM BUZZ THING	FIR STREET
23 GRIMACE	QUADIMRE	BONG
24 WALL	WORD FLESH STONE	THIRD MIND
25 VARIOUS ARTISTS	DISCO CLASSICS 2	E P I C
26 GRENOADE	GOYA	SHIMMY-DISC
27 INTERMIX	PHAZE TWO	THIRD MIND
28 PRONG	WHO'S FIRST IS THIS...	BMG
29 FRONT 242	FRONT 242	EPIC
30 BRAND NUBIAN	IN GOD WE TRUST	ELEKTRA
31 SMUGGLERS	ATLANTA WHISKEY FLATS	POP/LAMA

32 BRIAN ENO	SHUTOUT ASSEMBLY	O P A L
33 FUDGE	BOMB POP EP	BRILLIANT
34 DWARVES	UNDERWORLD EP	SUB-POP
35 TAD	SALEM EP	SUB-POP
36 ZUZU'S PETALS	WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING	TWINTONE
37 PAMELA CAMPBELL	A NIGHTINGALE SANG	BURNSIDE
38 HEAVENS TO MURGETROID	HEAVENS TO MURGETROID	PROSPECT
39 THE CLAUVENS	THE CLAUVENS	SHADY DEAL
40 HENRY ROLLINS	ROLLINS SPEAKS	IMAGO
41 JAWBREAKER	BIVOUAC	TUPELO
42 BETTIE SEEVERT	PALOMINE	MATADOR
43 GSH	CHURCH OF THE TRILLY WARPED	FUTURIST
44 JULIAN COPE	JEWONAHKILL	ISLAND
45 OFRA HAZA	KIRYA	SHANACHIE
46 SOUL ASYLUM	GRAVE DANCERS UNION	COLUMBIA
47 THE GITS	FRENCHING THE BULLY	C/Z
48 STEREO MC'S	STEREO MC'S	GEE STREET
49 BICHAZARD	URBAN DISCIPLINE	ROADRUNNER
50 HEDD	HEDD	TRIPPER

MARCH 93 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1 EVAPORATORS	"WELCOME TO MY CASTLE"	NARDUAR
2 BKA	"DIBBE SING"	LANCE
3 THREE HEADGATS	"LOUIS RELL"	NARDUAR
4 THREE CRUSADERS	"CRUSADERS' THEME"	SCRATCH
5 JALE	3 SONG	CINNAMON TOAST
6 GLOO GIRLS	"YO BLONDE"/"BARBIE U.S.A."	DIONYSUS
7 SMUGGLERS	"AT GERMANY"	SCREAMING APPLE
8 CUB	PEP	MINT
9 KREIVISS	"UNWEILED"/"YOU THINK"	SCRATCH
10 CHOPPER	"WHITE SUMMER"	ANIMAL HOUSE
11 GIRL TROUBLE	"WORK THAT CROWD"	emPy7
12 RED ALINIS	"BIG CANS"/"THE VIBRATOR SONG"	HELL YEAH
13 FASTBACKS	"THEY DON'T CARE"	POP/LAMA
14 ROCKIN' ROD	"LADY JANE"	RRS
15 THE MUMMIES	"JUST A GIRL"	LANCE
16 AGENT ORANGE	"THE ELECTRIC STORY"	AGENT ORANGE
17 FUDGE	ORIED DUST	BRILLIANT
18 SCIBADON	"SCIBADON"	SCIBADON
19 PEARL JAM	"WHO KILLED RUDOLPH"	E P I C
20 CRAYON	HARRIET	RED ROCKET
21 SQUIRT	"EVIL KNEVEL"	RED ROCKET
22 VELOCITY GIRL	"CRAWL"	SUB-POP
23 STEEL WOOL	"BOMB SAUCE"	emPy7
24 VARIOUS ARTISTS	BOSTON	FACE THE MUSIC
25 DQZ	"MASTURBATION..."	FEEL GOOD ALL DAY
26 MONO MEN	"BEYOND THE EDGE"	LANCE
27 POND	TRICE	T/YK
28 SPARKMARKER	"HISTFUL OF GOD"	FINAL NOTICE
29 MULE	"I'M HELL"	1/4 STICK
30 ERIC'S TRIP	"BELONG"	NIM
31 COBINE	"HARD TO FIND"	SUB-POP
32 THE FINGERS	"...ON MY NERVES"	BAG OF HAMMERS
33 CALAMITY JANE	"LOVE SONG"/"BELIEVE"	TIM KERR
34 CHEATER SUGARS	"NO CORRESPONDENCE"	ESTRUS
35 SQUIRT / ECCENTRIC SOULS	SPLIT	RED ROCKET

MARCH 93 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1 BLAISE RASCAL	"SPOTLIGHT KID"
2 STRAIN	"BEHIND THE WALL"
3 ELEPHANT'S CHILD	"MINE"
4 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	"REPTILE"
5 MEET DAISY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
6 STOTARS	"EDGE OF THE WORLD"
7 SURFPUSTERS	"HEADLESS BATTALION"
8 ONE	"WIDE LOAD"
9 ORBIT IN BLOOM	"PEACE IN THE AIR"
10 GRAMES BROTHERS	"INDOOR TIME"
11 MOVIELAND	"CAKE"
12 PASLEY SUITCASE	"STAND AND FIGHT"
13 THE LEMONS	"IN MY WAY"
14 DRAG THE RIVER	"DRAG THE RIVER"
15 HOWARD VS. MILLY	"DEEP IN THE PARK"
16 TOUCH AND GOS	"NETTIE'S PARTY"
17 CONTEMPT	"GRANDFATHER CLOCK"
18 ROCKIN' ROD	"GODZILLA"
19 32 TO BASTO	"SOMETIMES Y"
20 TWELVE EYES	"CRUMBING STONE"
21 THUMBSCROW	"TRENDY HIPPIES"
22 AGING YOUTH GANG	"BABY BOOMERS"
23 DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS	"DIGGIN' UP THE WORLD"
24 MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY	"GRASS HUT"
25 SHE	"SHE SAID"
26 MOVIELAND	"RANT"
27 12 MIDNITE	"HOTROD CADILLAC GIRL"
28 RUMPLESTEELSKIN	"FREE YOUR SOUL"
29 WINGNUTS	"I HATE MY JOB"
30 LUNG	"SUB"
31 CARPE DIEM	"HEAVEN'S ESTATE"
32 SCOTT ROBINSON	"FOLLOW YOUR BLISS"
33 WINAGETERS	"I WAS SAVED"
34 THE HAYMAKERS	"CHURCH AROUND THE ROAD"
35 LOTUS EATERS	"GOD"

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISCORDANT CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO.

1 SIOLKIS AND THE BANSHES	AKISS IN THE DREAM HOUSE	POLYGRAM
2 LCA	WAK ON 45	FRINGE PRODUCT
3 STRANGLERS	TELINE	E P I C
4 DEAD KENNEDYS	PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS	FRINGE
5 RANK & FILE	SUNDOWN	SLASH (US)
6 IGGY POP	COBIE BROUSHE	CAPTOL
7 BAUHAUS	THE SKY'S GONE OUT	POLYGRAM
8 MAD GADGET	UNDER THE FLAG	MUTE
9 WALL OF VOODOO	CALL OF THE WEST	IRS (US)
10 MISSION OF BURMA	VS.	ACE OF HEARTS (US)

DIALIN' FOR CELEBRITIES

BY EXCUBUS MANSLAUGHTER



Well, Spring has sprung but I have grown stale, bored...alas, even dreary. Although grass is growing and flowers are blooming I have fallen into a puddle of sludge, which isn't too bad but this joke is done to death. So, kids, this will be the last column installment of "Dialin' For Celebrities." For all of you gasping out there, the dream date contest is still in effect and, who knows, I may still show up on occasion to sink my teeth into some alternative monkey's butt. However, "Dialin' For Celebrities" is gone. Why? Well, Ole' Excubus was a small party (incognito) and a group of fresh face college kids were commenting on the column. My ego boosted, I listened in, and to my dismay not only did they like it but decided to do it right then. YEARRRRRIGHT THERE. They

picked up a phone book and made a crank call. My god, have they no principles, I mean I did it in the name of investigative journalism but these kids were just one step ahead of "Is your refrigerator running?" To those kids out there trying to find celebrities, bothering people over the phone isn't the trick; getting printed in a paper, that's the trick. So it's over, and none too soon. But for all you kids worried about those alternative tips, fear not, I'll stick my nose up Scooter's butt and get them out occasionally. Who knows, maybe even emerge with a new joke or column. But before I go for a sabbatical, here's my two bits worth:

In regards to the Pixies breakup, many are now calling them the "Saviors of Rock'n'Roll," how-

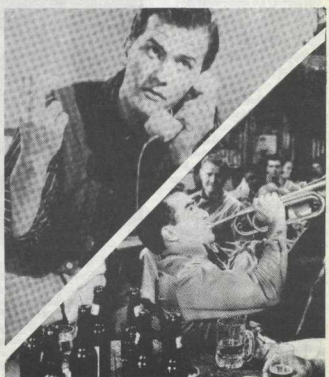
ever, if this is true then Kim Deal must be the "Battered Wife of Rock'n'Roll." I never liked Black Francis. The Pixies, yes, but Black Francis, no. When the Breeders emerged I think most of us realized that Kim Deal is beyond any legendary status the Pixies will ever achieve. Yes, I like the Breeders more than the Pixies, but I also like orange more than purple. So Black Francis (Frank Black) has fun solo (yeah, it'll be good, the big guy has got talent). Just remember there is at least one self-righteous, ignorant, campus radio paper writer who thinks that maybe you fucked up and are losing a good thing. So all you kids out there in bands learn from this: if you're going to be an asshole, at least get rich and famous.

I have also noticed lately that many people are still struggling with this alternative thing. Please try to

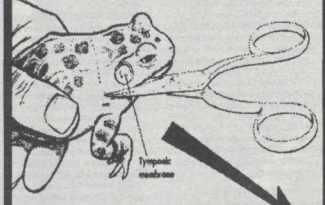
relax. There is plenty of time before it goes out of style...or is there? And to the fine little lady who used foul language in reference to myself after hearing me remark, "Man, I hate Pearl Jam. Why aren't people sick of them yet?" Look, honey, they ain't that good and you ain't that good 'takin' so mind your P's and Q's and stop putting class and hanging out in Metcrown, at least get far as Grinnville.

And that's it, maybe...who knows? Just remember, when the phone rings it's probably in time, you're always more alternative than they are, "Doorknocker is old school." I am an asshole, and I clean sheets mean a lot to a guy who sleeps on the floor.

Ciao, my little elfin loaves, and Goodnight Sammy D.
P.S. For everyone who bought Marco drinks, thanks.



A Bassline tap of hand by cutting through angle of jaw and across top of head.



DATEBOOK

MONDAY 1 Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Shannon Quinn Quartet at Hogan's Alley... Baderhouse: The Director's Cut (7:10) and Alien (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre...

TUESDAY 2 Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers at the Yale... Bloodsaw with Sick of It All and Fear Factory at the Tower Pump... Zoo Bar with DJ Vemell at Graceland... Baderhouse: The Director's Cut (7:15) and Alien (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre...

WEDNESDAY 3 OTR PRESENTS WINOKEARER WITH THE PASTIES AT THE TOWN PUMP... Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers at the Yale... Chris Startup & Oliver Cannon at the Alma Street Cafe... Swoon (7:30pm) and The Living End (9:25pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Joana Rogers exhibition stop at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until the 30th).

THURSDAY 4 Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers at the Yale... Ron Johnston at the Alma Street Cafe... Crash Vegas with Change of Heart at the Town Pump... Little Eagles of Siberia at Christ Church Cathedral... Mascali Dance International at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Swoon (7:30pm) and The Living End (9:25pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7:30pm & midnight)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... Springfries '93 at Performance Works Granville Island (until April 5)...

FRIDAY 5 Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers at the Yale... Tim Brady at the Pitt Gallery... Tony Trischka & Ken Hamm Band at the WISE Club... Little Eagles of Siberia at Christ Church Cathedral... Mascali Dance International at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7:30pm & midnight)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... Springfries '93 at Performance Works Granville Island (until April 5)...

SATURDAY 6 ODA, SNU, Lunachicks and the Hanson Brothers with guest MC Tiger Williams at the Commodore... Apache Indians at BC Enterprise Hall... Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers at the Yale... Splitter Trio at the Pitt Gallery... See Saw at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (7pm)... Mascali Dance International at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7:30pm & midnight)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... Vancouver

Storytelling Festival at St John's United Church...

SUNDAY 7 Above Ground at Hogan's Alley... The Flirtations at Vancouver Playhouse... International Women's Day Cabaret at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7:30pm & midnight)... Amelita: The Concert at the Waterfront Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... Springfries '93 at Performance Works Granville Island (until April 5)...

MONDAY 8 Amos Garrett at the Yale... Robin Shier Quintet at Hogan's Alley... Use Exposition de fer blanc at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... Springfries '93 at Performance Works Granville Island (until April 5)...

TUESDAY 9 Disco night with Rumpelstiltskin at the Commodore... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Zoo Bar with DJ Dickey Doo at Graceland... Zulu Spaz at the Backstage (Seattle)... Cowboy Mature Culture Show at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58...

WEDNESDAY 10 Amos Garrett at the Yale... Roy Poper Project at the Grunt Gallery... Tin Sandwich at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58...

THURSDAY 11 OTR PRESENTS WALT MINK WITH GUESTS AT STATION STREET... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Time Will Tell (7:30pm) and The Time (9:30pm) at the Ridge... International Tournee of Animation at the Starlight (7 & 9:30pm)... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym...

FRIDAY 12 OTR PRESENTS TAR, JAWBOX and SPARKMAREKAT AT STATION STREET... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Francois Houle & the Pitt Gallery... Dirty Dozen Blast Band at the WISE Club... Nancy White at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sven Galt with Ten Seconds over Tokyo and Class Action at the Commodore... Hard Rock Miners & Breakers (Point Roberts)... Gas, Food, Lodging (7:30pm) and Singles (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58...

SATURDAY 13 Rumpelstiltskin with Onirial at Station Street... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Bugs Inside at the Pitt Gallery... Rock Scott & Nathan Curry at the WISE Club... Nancy White at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Barney Bental & the Legendary Hearts with Roy on a Dolphin at the Commodore... Hard Rock Miners & Breakers (Point Roberts)... Gas, Food, Lodging (7:30pm) and Singles (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Accidental Death of an Anarchist at Secret Space Theatre... Barefoot in the Park at Jericho Gym... The Kat Who Would Be Kool at Station 58...

SUNDAY 14 Ensemble Azteca: Music of the Middle Ages at Knox United Church (5500 Balaclava)... Nancy White at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Lindsay Buckingham at the Commodore... Gas, Food, Lodging (7:30pm) and Singles (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Until the End of the World (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 15 The Sundays with Luna at the Commodore... Norton Buttolf at the Yale... Until the End of the World (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 16 John Lee Hooker at BC Street... Norton Buttolf at the Yale... Zoo Bar with DJ Vemell at Graceland... Until the End of the World (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 17 The Smugglers with The Devil Dogs, The Exorcisors, Jeff and The Bookies at Nappy Dugout... Norton Buttolf at the Yale... Lori Freedom & Graham Ort at the Grunt Gallery... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Lover (7:30pm) and Last Tango in Paris (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 18 Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Lover (7:30pm) and Last Tango in Paris (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 19 Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Martin Curry & Dave Sweetnick at the WISE Club... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:45 & 8:15pm)...

SATURDAY 20 Lung with Zully Crackel, Planet of Spores and Tim Racine at Station Street... White Zombie with Maxine Margul at the New York Theatre... Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Vancouver Men's Chorus with the Seattle Men's Chorus at the Orpheum... Bad Manners at the Backstage (Seattle)... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:45 & 8:15pm)...

SUNDAY 21 Paul Waller at the Commodore... Vancouver New Music Ensemble's Complexity and More at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Roy Rock at the Backstage (Seattle)... Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:15pm)...

MONDAY 22 Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Zoo Bar with DJ Noah at Graceland... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

Cultural Centre...

WEDNESDAY 24 Pleasure Barons featuring Country Dick Montana, Mojo Nixon, John Doe & Dave Ahr at the Commodore... Phipps Perkins with the Demons du Jour at the Yale... Kate Hammett-Vaughan & DB Boyko at the Grunt Gallery... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

THURSDAY 25 Phipps Perkins with the Demons du Jour at the Yale... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

FRIDAY 26 Phipps Perkins with the Demons du Jour at the Yale... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:45 & 8:15pm)...

SATURDAY 27 Tribal Dynamics at the Pitt Gallery... Phipps Perkins with the Demons du Jour at the Yale... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre... Flesh and Blood at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

SUNDAY 28 Love Relationship with Paul Libani, Jews at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Spike & Mike's Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:15pm)...

MONDAY 29 Capilano College Music Dept 3rd Annual Vocal Showcase at Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

TUESDAY 30 Kenny Neal at the Yale... Zoo Bar with DJ Vemell at Graceland... Guns n' Roses at BC Place... Brand X at the Backstage (Seattle)... Danolene at Station Street Arts Centre...

WEDNESDAY 31 Bear Lewis Group at the Grunt Gallery... Kenny Neal at the Yale...

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Access Gallery	426-448 Seymour
Alma Street Cafe	2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Artspeak Gallery	43-311 10 West Hastings
Cafe Bergman	52 Powell (Gastown)
Cafe Django	1184 Denman (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom	870 Granville (Granville Mall)
Contemporary Art Gallery	555 Hamilton
Croft Elephant	23 West Cordova (Gastown)
88 Street	Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper	185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Hollywood North	865 Seymour
Isadora's	540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
Lunar Quarter	305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub	1176 Granville (at Davie)
Nappy Dugout	1248 Seymour (at Davie)
Or Gallery	314 West Hastings
Paradise Cinema	919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre	3440 Cambie
Piccadilly Pub	630 West Pender
Pit Pub	basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Pitt Gallery	317 West Hastings
Queen Elizabeth Theatre	Hamlet at Georgia
Rawlway Club	579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
The Raven	1052 Deep Cove Rd (North Van)
Ridge Cinema	3131 Arbutus at 16th
Rock Candy	1812 Yale (Seattle)
Sandy Cove	1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery	160 West Cordova (at Cambie)
Speedy O'Tubbs	Fairview, Bellingham
Starlight Cinema	935 Denman
Town Pump	66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre	1895 Venables
Vancouver Women in Focus Gallery	949 Beatty
Varsity Theatre	4375 West 10th Avenue
Video 1	1102 Hornum
Waterfront Theatre	1405 Anderson (Granville Island)
Western Front	303 East 8th Avenue
WISE Club	1882 Adanac (at Victoria)
Yale	1300 Granville (at Drake)

THE BLANK GENERATION





DJ SOUND WAR

Chapter III

FRIDAY APRIL 23 & SATURDAY APRIL 24
SUB BALLROOM, UBC
6:00 P.M. TO 12:00 A.M.

ENTRY FORM (ONE ENTRY FORM PER PERSON)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ POSTAL CODE _____

PHONE # _____

STAGE NAME _____

GROUP NAME _____

CHECK THE CATEGORIES YOU ARE ENTERING:

☐ DJS ☐ MCS ☐ DANCERS ☐ GROUPS

YOU ARE A:

☐ DJ ☐ MC ☐ DANCER ☐ OTHER _____

*IF YOU ARE ENTERING AS A GROUP, PLEASE SUBMIT YOUR ENTRY FORMS TOGETHER WITH YOUR CASSETTE

ENTRY DEADLINE: APRIL 15, 1993 • ENTRY FEE: \$5 PER PERSON (NON-REFUNDABLE)

GENERAL RULES

- The DJ, MC and Dancer competitions will take place on Friday, April 23 starting at 6:00 p.m. sharp.
- The Group competition will take place on Saturday, April 24 starting at 6:00 p.m. sharp.
- All contestants must perform at their scheduled time.
- The order of performance will be decided by Thursday April 22, 1993.
- All contestants must check in by 5:00 p.m. the day of the competition.
- Contestants may enter in more than one category (DJ, MC, etc.).
- Contestants will receive free admission both evenings.
- Contestants are expected to treat provided equipment with respect. Contestants who abuse equipment (for example: dropping or throwing microphones) will be automatically disqualified.
- All entries will be considered for competition as space permits.

RULES FOR DJS

- DJs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared.
- DJs will perform in rounds of 1 to 3 minutes in length (1st round = 3 minutes, 2nd round = 90 seconds, 3rd round = 60 seconds).
- DJs must use the supplied turntables and mixer.
- DJs may use tapes and other sound sources but must supply a list of equipment to be used, with their entry form, which will be approved or revised by the judges as they see fit.
- DJs will be judged on: technique, timing, originality and audience response.

RULES FOR MCS

- MCs will compete individually in elimination rounds until a winner is declared.
- Contestants may use any rhythm or backing track they wish in the first round (up to a max. of 5 mins).
- MCs will perform to a choice of rhythm tracks of 60 to 90 seconds in length in following rounds.
- MCs will be judged on: delivery, lyrical content, originality and audience response.

RULES FOR DANCERS

- Dancers may compete individually or in teams.
- Dancers must supply a music track of a maximum of 5 minutes on cassette or CD.
- Dancers will be judged on: technique, timing, originality, presentation and audience response.

RULES FOR GROUPS

- Groups must submit a cassette with their entry forms to qualify. Tapes should be about 5 minutes in length, to give us an idea of what your group sounds like. Tapes will be judged on musical content, not sound quality.
- Qualifying groups will perform for a maximum of 5 minutes in one elimination round with the best groups continuing to the final round.
- Groups will be given a maximum of 5 minutes in the final round.
- DJs must use the supplied turntables and mixer.
- Sound checks for Groups will take place from 12:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Saturday April 24th on a first come, first served basis. Groups that require more than the basic setup (i.e. two turntables, a mixer and a mic) are encouraged to sound check.
- Groups will be judged on: performance, originality and audience response.

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO:

CITR RADIO, 6138 SUB BLVD., VANCOUVER, B.C. CANADA V6T 1Z1
OR PHONE 604-822-3017 OR FAX 604-822-9364 BY APRIL 15, 1993

AT ZULU, TRACK, AND SCRATCH OR BY MAIL FROM INTERNATIONAL

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Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00



ZULU PICKS 'O THE MONTH...

Unsane

• Singles 89-92

The Unsane have always been a band to talk about — not only for the shocking cover art on their releases, but also their music that has the same unnerving effect as a Brian dePalma film. What the now-legendary Big Black did in exposing the horror of the underbelly of American small-town life, Unsane also do. However their terrain is different — they take you on a loud and noisy trip into the urban jungle, the heart of New York City and the twisted remains on the American dream.

SALE

14.98cd/9.98cass

Posters Children

• Tool of the Man

Every month it seems like we must have a dark horse, a record we really like, but just don't want to saddle with our expectations. All we can say is that their two previous albums, "Flower Power" and "Dischord Reaction" were both amazing, as is their live show, so won't you just let them have a little space in your heart.

SALE

14.98cd/9.98cass

Firehose

• Mr. Machinery Opera

No one could have planned in 1991 how prophetic the title "Flyin' the Flannel" would become in 1993. Sort of like how The Who song "My Generation" became an anthem for disaffected youth in the sixties. So are Firehose prophets of our generation? Let's see if "Mr. Machinery Opera" is a contemporary "Tommy". "Quadruphenia", or Pete Townsend's "Iron Man".

SALE

14.98cd/9.98cass

Einsturzende Neubauten

• Tabula Rasa

Long before the term "industrial" was applied to hardcore dance music like KMFDM and Ministry, there were true practitioners of experimental music that more closely represented the term. Along with groups like Test Dept. and Throbbing Gristle, Neubauten used power tools and metallic objects with tape loops and guitars to create sound that lay the groundwork for many groups that are now able to call up the same sounds on samplers. This is the first major label release in North America from this legendary Berlin group.

SALE

16.98cd/9.98cass

808 State

• Gorgeous

Of all the groups that arose out of the Manchester scene of 1989/90, 808 State is the group that has consistently put out good albums and furthered the advancement of ambient-techno-dance music, while maintaining the lowest media profile. Go figure.

SALE

14.98cd/9.98cass

Best Kissers In The World

• Puddin'

This band from Portland has been called the heir apparent to the throne vacated by the Replacements and Soul Asylum as the "great American rock'n'roll band". Nothing fancy — just great songwriting and lots of fun, super high-energy rock songs packed with catchy hooks. And when everyone else is trying to sell you on the next big, Faith No More, Metallica, Grungorama, that's nothing to shake your stick at!

SALE

12.98cd/8.98cass

Robyn Hitchcock

• Respect

When Robyn picked up the torch from "The Vegetable Man", Syd Barrett, in 1976, little did he know that he was destined for the same cult status. Except every year Robyn puts out another of his great pop albums and Syd tends his garden in Northern England.

SALE

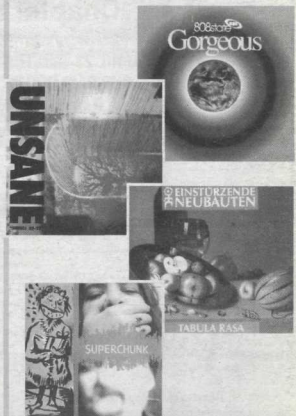
14.98cd/9.98cass

Belly

• Star

We won't try to compare Belly to Throwing Muses, even though the lead singer/guitarist was a founding member of that group (as well as The Breeders), but we will say that this is a well-crafted, introspective pop record that gets better with every listen.

16.98cd/9.98cass



ZULU NUS:

"Where there's rage, there's hope"

Lung

• Magnum Opiate

Magnum Opiate is the debut full-length CD on Zulu Records from Vancouver's Lung. Clear the wax out of your ears and listen to these comments:

"Pretty amazing shit here... great in a demented way," maximum rock'n'roll
"They like to wreck stuff," snipehead
"Lung are a seething vat of guitar meltdown, severe enough that bands like Helmet and Sonic Youth should develop a dandy crick in their neck from looking over their shoulders," vancouver sun
Produced by Don Gordon and Ken "Hivewell" Marshall. Available at A&B Sound, Sam's, Scratch, Track, Blast, Southwest Sounds, and Zulu



PLAY BALL !



Ahhh, springtime — the scent of daffodils in bloom, the sight of geese returning from down south, and the crack of the ball on the bat. That's right, the amazing Zulu softball team is gearing up for another exciting, fun-filled season. No million dollar deals or temperamental superstars, just some people who love to play the game, dammit. But we need teams to play against, so if your idea of a good time is playing mixed, slow-pitch softball against a bunch of slackers, then give us a call at 738-3232.

OTHER STUFF

All prices in this ad are in effect until March 31, 1993.

Remember, Zulu is an official TicketMaster outlet, capable of helping you with all your ticket-buying needs.

Zulu also has CD listening booths. While you are perusing our huge selection of new and used cd's, you can take any of them for a "test drive". Ask at the store for details.

LUNG CD RELEASE EVENT

Saturday March 20th • Station Street

COAL

Thursday March 18th • Pit Pub, UBC

